

FRESH AIR  
NUMBER

# Life

PRICE 10 CENTS  
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NEW ARRIVALS.



## We Alone Are Never Satisfied With the Armour Toilet Articles

Each new achievement of our wonderful experimental laboratories is but a spur to further effort. And though the Armour Toilet Articles hold first place in popular esteem for purity and delicacy, we strive continually for improvement. In earth's remotest corners men are ever seeking new ideas for our use.

In one department of our marvelous organization alone a large corps of expert chemists work continually—testing, combining, adapting rare essences and odors.

Before them lie the choicest perfumes of the earth's famous garden spots. And there is no stint of time, expense or skill, if thereby a new idea may be evolved.

### Sylvan Soap

represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

It cleanses perfectly, yet with so gentle a touch that the most tender skin is soothed. And it leaves the skin softened, vitalized—glowing with the bloom of health.

Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You may choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty woman could demand no more, the price is but 10c the cake at your dealer's.

Try one, or better still, try all of these articles. Each is its own best advocate. And we are content to abide by your judgment. All good dealers everywhere can supply you.

### Supertar

has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."

Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage for the scalp.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use.

Let your hair have the delight of a perfect Supertar shampoo.

### Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

### Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptionally high quality and light as thistledown.

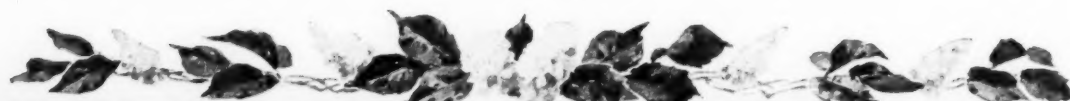
It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are three odors—violet, carnation and sandalwood. It is sold by all druggists.

MADE BY

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**

Department of Toilet Soaps  
CHICAGO



## NECKWEAR

**In New and Exclusive Styles for Summer Wear**

Of especial interest to men of refinement are the new Accordion Weaves in the Hobble Effect, Roman Stripes and Even Stripes, also plain Two-tone effects, made from the finest bright thread silks, lustrous and full of life.

New College Stripes in Two and Three-tone effects.

Our Crocheted and Knitted Neckwear all of the better kind.

Shop by Post. Our Complete Illustrated Art Booklet Will Tell You How. Sent on Application.

**MACULAR PARKER COMPANY**  
400 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

## Building Houses

**D**WELLING houses may be constructed of anything from paper to concrete.

When built of paper they consist of ground plans, front elevations and mortgages. When they progress to something more substantial they do not resemble in any way the front elevation or the ground plan of the paper stage, and are, therefore, disappointing in these particulars. The mortgage, however, always comes up to expectations.

The houses of the elect may be distinguished by the butler's pantry, the middle classes by the reception hall and those of hoi-polloi by the parlor.

Houses are useful to eat in, sleep in, bathe in, dress in, hide in, be seen in, bring children into the world in, die in, store junk in, insure and burn down.

Dignity in houses is typified by a park-enclosed English country place; romance by a Southern planters' mansion; poetry by a rose-embowered cottage and humor by a modern flat.

## The Gravestone

It covers a multitude of sins.

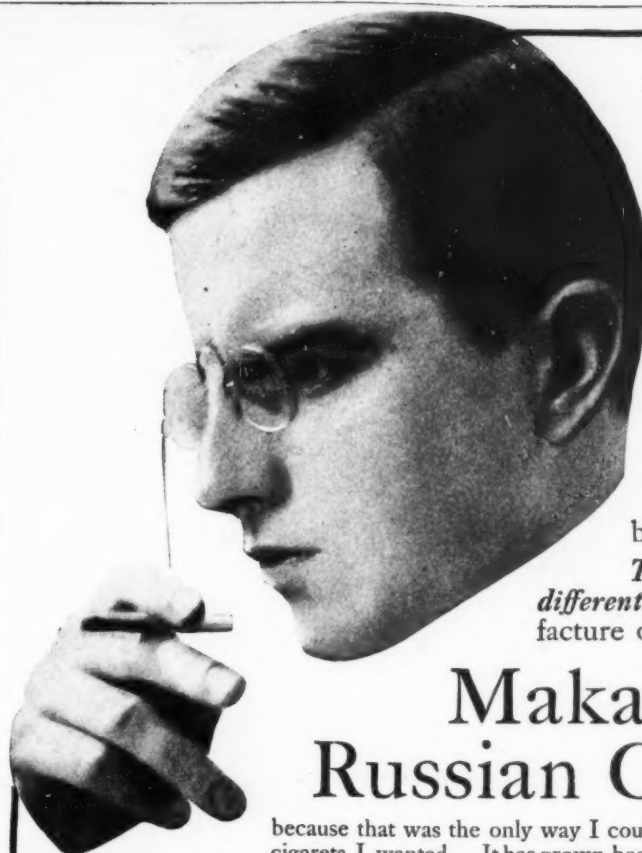
It tells more lies than anything else.

It contains some of the best examples of humor.

It has time to gather moss—hence it is usually forgotten.

It never renews a lease, there being no necessity.

It represents the sum total of all happiness.



You know  
this as  
well as  
I do—

that the average  
cigaret is not a  
*smoking* proposition,  
but a *selling* proposition.

*The Makaroff business is different.* I started the manufacture of

## Makaroff Russian Cigarets

because that was the only way I could be sure of getting *the kind of* cigarettes I wanted. It has grown because there are a lot of

other folks who want *that kind of* a cigaret. And the number grows just as fast as people find out *what kind of* a cigaret Makaroff is.

Just let this fact sink into your consciousness and stay there—*this business is and always will be* operated to make a *certain kind of* cigarettes—not merely to do a *certain amount of* business. I always have believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified. Makaroffs are really different from other cigarettes—and the difference is all in your favor.

You will find that you can smoke as many Makaroffs as you want without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarettes.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild *tobacco*, *untouched by anything whatever* to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn.

*Pure tobacco won't hurt you.* You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better, and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose.

No. 15 is 15 Cents—No. 25 is a Quarter  
Plain or Cork Tips

*Makaroff - Boston*

Mail address, 18 Elm Street—Boston, Mass.

Ask  
Your  
Dealer

Ask  
Your  
Dealer

It is the head and front of all offending.

It gives no guarantee.

The only thing it advertises is doctors.

It always waits for every passenger.

It guards the only co-operative sub-way.

No man ever bribed it successfully.

It is good for everything that ails you.

It marks the way to supplementary proceedings.

Its hospitality is universal.



PSYCHE AT THE SPRING





HOW HE LOOKS TO HIS MOTHER



## That Boy

Are you interested in him? Were you ever a boy yourself? Do you know what it means to be a real boy? Is there anything like being a boy? The next number of LIFE is a Boy's Number.

It is dedicated to the American Boy; to his spirit, energy and promise. Ubiquitous and supremely interesting as he is, this seems almost like an unfair advantage to take of our readers. It really means that on our part we have to do comparatively nothing. Anything about a boy is interesting. Any number devoted to the boy is impossible to make dull. Therefore, we shall take no credit for next week's number. It is the best thing in the world. How can it help being so?

### Summer Numbers Coming

Her Number, July 20  
Devoted to the American Girl.

Nicotine Number, August 3  
Smoker's Delight.

Deep Sea Number, August 10  
Swept by Ocean Breezes.

Bathing Girl's Number, August 17  
Not so scanty as the title suggests.

*Obey That Impulse  
and send one dollar  
with the attached  
coupon.*

Enclosed find One  
Dollar (Canadian \$1.13;  
Foreign \$1.26). Send  
LIFE for three months, start-  
ing July 1, to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscrip-  
tion renewed at this rate. *This offer is net.*

LIFE, 17 W. 31 Street, New York

AL



In a p  
use Al  
Foot-E



## Egyptian Deities

*"The Utmost in Cigarettes"*

Tobacco from the  
Old World ~ Skill  
of the New World  
The utmost everywhere  
Cork Tips or Plain



### Mosquitoes, Ahoy!

HAVING tried the device which is described as follows by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, we can heartily recommend it to our friends as being effective:

It consists of a tin cup or tin-can cover nailed to the end of a long stick in such a way that a spoonful or so of kerosene can be placed in the cup, which may then, by means of the stick, be prest up to the ceiling so as to enclose one mosquito after another. When covered over in this way the captured mosquito will attempt to fly and be caught in the kerosene. By this method perhaps the majority of the mosquitoes in a given bedroom—certainly all of those resting on the ceiling—can be caught before one goes to bed.

Allowing for 600 mosquitoes on the ceiling, and half a minute to each mosquito, you can easily get to bed after 300 minutes work; and 300 minutes is only five hours.

### Hindu Manners

IN our complacency over our commercial progress, we are often too likely to forget that Americans, take them as a whole, probably have the worst manners in the world. Mr. Harold Bigbie

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



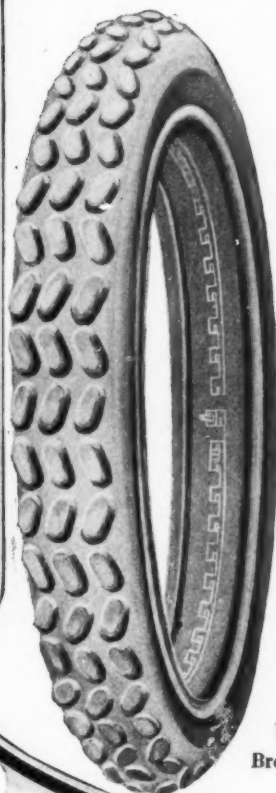
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail. Address:

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

## The ambition of every tiremaker in the world is to some day make a non-skid tire as good, and as popular as the famous NOBBY TREAD



Eighteen months ago, Nobby Treads were first placed on the market. Since then they have been sweeping the country, replacing every form of non-skid tire or non-skid device on cars in every possible service.

**Skidding Protection**—These big, thick, diagonally-placed knobs grip the slippery road or pavement at every conceivable angle and they do it even on a wet asphalt pavement.

They reach down deep into muddy or sandy roads, and give you absolute traction—something you would never expect a plain tread to do.

**Wearing Quality**—In decided contrast to the ordinary "non-skid" tire these tough rubber knobs expose so large a surface to the wear and tear of the road that it takes thousands of miles to wear them smooth. When they finally do wear down, you still have left the full life of a plain tread.

**For safety's sake—for economy's sake equip your car with "Nobbies"**

For sale wherever

**United States Tires**

Continental  
G & J

Hartford  
Morgan & Wright

are sold.

**United States Tire Company**  
Broadway at 58th Street  
New York



presents the opposite picture in an account in the *London Chronicle* of the manners of native Hindus:

Never once, north or south, east or west, in city or village, from Bombay to Madras, and from Tuticorin to Simla, never once have I detected the very smallest smirch of vulgarity either in manners or in dress. That dreadful and aggressive vulgarity which everywhere distresses the traveler in England is nowhere to be discovered in India. Such things as the brutality of a mob's bank, the snobbishness and arrogance of middle-class plutocracy, the horseplay and rowdyism of university students, the shouting and screaming absurdities of fashion—these things are foreign to India. You may meet a man who believes in thirty million gods and is con-

vinced that the world is flat, and who considers himself polluted by the very shadow of a European; but he will have charm of manner, and make a picture either in the jungle or on the platform of a railway terminus.

### The Seashore Idol

"Why, Ethel, did you notice that this seaside hotel advertises to furnish young men escorts?"

"I know the kind. They are such silly sissies that a girl feels like a chaperon every time she walks out with them."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

·LIFE·



An Endless Chain of World's Records  
Proves the Supreme Durability of

# "Firestone" TIRES

Three of the original Firestone *regular stock* tires that carried Ray Harroun's Marmon car to victory at Indianapolis, May 30th, remained on the car untouched, in perfect condition at the finish.

This greatest battle of tires the world has ever known was won on the *superior service* given by Firestone tires - 500 miles of grinding wear and strain at the terrific speed of 74.59 miles per hour, *on an oval course*.

This forges the strongest and most important link in a chain of world's records for tire durability, which proves that

**Firestone Tires Belong on Your Car**

**It is the General Belief that All Tires Used in Racing are Special Made.**

We do not make special racing tires  
Ask the Nordyke & Marmon Co. and they will tell you they bought these tires in the regular way through our Chicago branch, without our knowledge that they were intended for racing  
You can get Firestone tires made just like these from any dealer

**The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.**  
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"  
Branches, Agencies and Dealers Everywhere

**BOB BURMAN - DAYTONA APRIL 23**  
**ONE MILE 25.40 secs.**  
**141.73 Miles Per Hour**  
**Fastest Traveled by Man**

# LIFE



The Open Season

## The Coming Subways

THE real question about New York's coming subways is whether they are ever coming. That is the only question that really engages the popular mind. On this point opinions differ absolutely. It is held that they are coming because New York must have them. Contrariwise it is held that the subways depend on the agreement of more minds than can possibly agree on anything and that if our milk supply or ice supply or meat supply depended on the agreement of those minds we should have no milk, ice or meat.

What kind of a bargain the city ought to make about the subways, and with whom, it is entirely beyond the ability of the man in the street to say. All he knows about new subways is that he is not getting them. But he thinks he will get them after a while, and if he doesn't,

his children or grandchildren will, and that is probably true. And he is patient about it and might as well be.

But bargaining for subways is a mighty slow job.

## Go Ahead, Mr. Gates

THERE is a new trust; the Bread Trust.

Its purpose must be to give people more or better bread for their money than they are getting at present. Only on that basis could a bread trust succeed.

Mr. John W. Gates, the well-known speculative philanthropist, is putting up dough for it. The project is still at the stage where it is buying up big bakeries at prices satisfactory to their owners. There are no complaints about it as yet.

They call it the thirty-million-dollar bread trust, but after all, thirty millions

invested in the bakery business of the whole country is only about enough money to set a good example.

Mr. Gates has no considerable reputation as a baker, but we shall be glad to try his rolls. Mr. Carnegie does not consider him truthful and calls him a gambler, but perhaps he can bake. If there is room for anything in this country it is cooks. If Mr. Gates proposes to improve American cooking, beginning with bread, we say, Go ahead, Mr. Gates! Make pies, sir, also. The imagination welters in contemplation of the good that might be done in this country by intelligent competition in the preparation of food. Be our cook, Mr. Gates! We need you and you shall have a fair trial.

SUCCESS in life often consists in knowing just when to disagree with one's employer.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE proposition, under inspection at this writing, that the Democrats in the

Senate shall proceed, with the assistance of the insurgent Republicans, to revise the tariff to an indefinite extent at the present session of Congress, has thumb marks on it, which, under the glasses of experienced examiners, identify it as Bogus. The impulse of the Insurgents to beat the reciprocity bill, which they ought to like and don't, led them to make these motions for alliance with Democrats, but they are believed to have no real desire to supplement Democratic industry. At the bottom they seem to care more who makes bills than whether the bills are fit to be passed. There is nothing in political life for them at present, as assisting friends of any measures, Democratic or Republican. If they really want to help pass good bills, there are the Reciprocity bill, the farmers' free list and the Underwood bill to knock some of the teeth out of "Schedule K."

Will they help to pass any of them? Probably not.

As things go now they have not the aspect of being serviceable folks, and the most that is expected from them is some prolongation of this session of Congress; and finally the passage of the Reciprocity bill without their help.

The Democrats are ready enough to flirt with the Republican Insurgents in the Senate where they need votes, but they seem too shrewd this year to let the Insurgents fool them. The Insurgents have done a good work in representing the change in sentiment of a large part of the Republican party, and in getting political light into the mind of President Taft. Nevertheless, their present condition is obviously pre-

carious. There are not enough of them to control their own party, and they are loath to work unreservedly with the Democrats. The Democrats, on their part, have been wiser than was expected, and have a program which is worth sticking to, and on which they can go to the country with reasonable pride. That has left the Insurgents floundering. We offer them our respectful sympathy, but no advice. In the end, they will have to adjust themselves to the crowd that seems to be going their way.

Mr. Taft, thanks to a good deal of Insurgent prodding, has come to be a fairly inviting refuge for progressive minds. It is all but certain that he will be the next Republican candidate, and doubtless most of the Insurgents will support him. But in the present Congress it is hard for them to make much of a record.



WHAT has happened in the case of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine seems to be that the present trustees, and especially their building committee, being a different body from that that accepted the plans of Heins and La Farge twenty years ago, have different ideas and desires about cathedrals and want, not the Romanesque cathedral the plans called for, but one more in the fashion called English Gothic. We read in the papers that the cathedral has been growing away from Romanesque and toward Gothic ever since it got far enough above ground to have visible features. Whether that was because the architects were pulled in that direction by the clergymen on the building committee, or leaned that way themselves, we don't know. But Romanesque cathedrals do not seem to be as good form just now as they were along back in 1890, when the mind of H. H. Richardson was still a compelling force in architecture. Episcopal clergymen, we are told, nearly all reach out to English Gothic as the style that best expresses the sentiments of their church, and half the building committee of St. John's are Episcopal clergymen.

So the trustees of St. John have cut the painter that has attached them

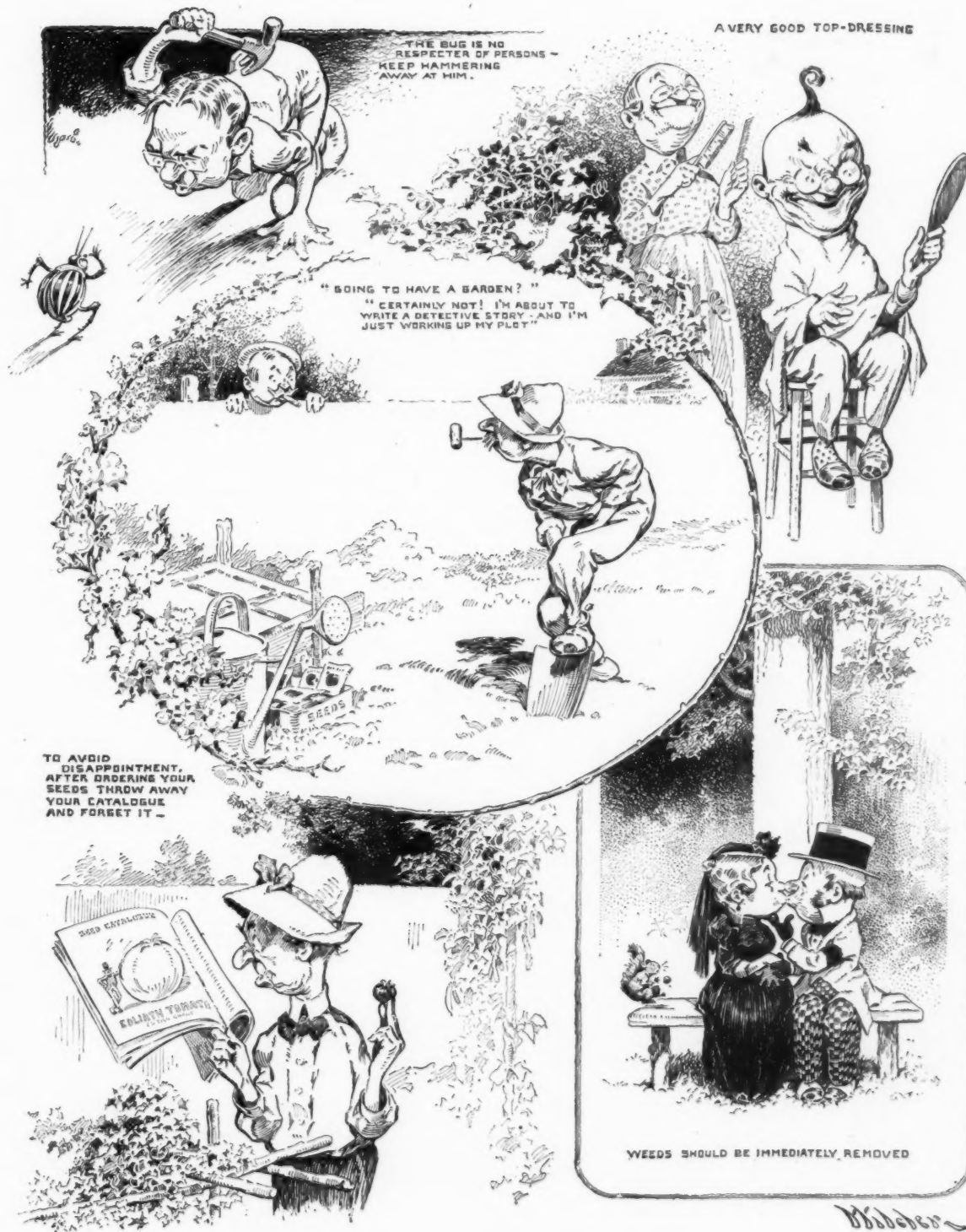
for twenty years to Mr. La Farge and the Romanesque plans, and have hitched onto Mr. Cram, who is rated as the greatest living American expert in English Gothic, and they propose now, under Mr. Cram's guidance, to have their cathedral grow English Gothic for as long as the gasoline in their tank holds out and their cylinders keep working.

This is hard on Mr. La Farge the surviving parent of the cathedral which was half orphaned four years ago by the lamented death of Mr. Heins. One does not keep a child in one's heart for twenty years without getting attached to it, and no doubt Mr. La Farge is deeply attached to his cathedral, even though its windows may have grown more to a point than possibly he anticipated, and it may have developed an oversupply of privileged grandparents to make its training hard by butting in. Still, it is to be said for the trustees, that all contracts with Mr. La Farge were lawfully at an end; that it lay with them to say what should be built and who should build it, and that they have not done anything inhuman in choosing the man whose ideas seemed to match their own.

What the cathedral will be when it is finished not even a seventh son can predict. That is in the hands of the Lord, who may remove architects or building committees at His pleasure and who may at any time replace the present committee with one that leans toward Mullettesque or early Pullman. There is consolation, however, in the reflection offered by our friend, the *Springfield Republican*, that "it is virtually impossible to ruin the ensemble effect of a great, massive structure such as the Episcopal diocese of New York is now erecting."



WHAT was crowned in Westminster was not so much King George and Queen Mary as government. Pretty much all the monarchy in that splendid spectacle was symbolic. The King and Queen were as distinctly subjects of Great Britain as any of the folks present. But it was a great show of instruments of government in use in the United Kingdom.





LIFE, THE PIPER, LEADS THE WAY

## Life's Fresh Air Farm

*What It is and What It Does.—Each Child Goes for Two Weeks At a Cost of Something Over Five Dollars.—Where Our Guests Come From*

### DEAR READERS:

Since its commencement in 1887, LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has given a fortnight's vacation to over 29,000 poor children of the city. Our older readers are familiar with the work, to which they have contributed generously, but LIFE wishes to interest all his friends, both old and new.

In 1891 we opened our farm at Branchville, Conn., in the hills of western Connecticut, the property being a gift from the late Edwin Gilbert.

It was a gentleman's country seat, about fourteen acres in extent. The house, stable and other buildings have been converted into dormitories and living rooms for our numerous guests, while the ample playgrounds, with the orchard, brook and tent, furnish constant amusement and form a wide contrast to the hot and dirty city streets.

From the close of school in June until it reopens in September, parties of about 200 children each are given a fortnight's vacation in the country, where pure air and plenty of good food have a chance to work their miracles with the children of the poor. Last year we entertained 1019 children.

Our guests are from the city missions of New York and Brooklyn, from the East Side and all parts of Greater New York. No needy child is refused, save for good cause.

The Farm is open to visitors at all times. The supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Mohr insures the best of care for the children, who are never out of the caretakers' presence, and during all the twenty-three years and among all the children we have entertained, there has

not been one serious case of illness or accident.

As Branchville is fifty-three miles from New York, transportation is, of course, a heavy item, but careful management last season kept the entire cost of a child's two weeks' outing down to \$5.31—not a very heavy expenditure to bring health, pleasure and a memorable vacation into lives where such things seldom come.

### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,935.85
P. B., Jr.....	5.00
Betty, Jack and Deming.....	15.00
The Centennial Mill Co.....	5.00
Captain George D. Freeman, Jr.....	5.00
Catherine Drew Illingworth.....	10.00
S. O. C.....	10.00
Thomas Sharp.....	4.00
Eugene F. Bogert.....	5.00
George H. Walbridge.....	25.00
P. A. P.....	5.00
P. Gadebusch.....	15.00
Esther F. Kirkman.....	10.00
Bess, Molly, Ned and George.....	20.00
Cash.....	5.00
Gertrude Keelor.....	5.00
F. N. De Rosset.....	5.00
Holy Apostle's Church Missionary Society.....	2.00
	<hr/> \$4,086.85

### SOME LETTERS FROM THE FARM

DEAR MOTHER:

I arrived Tuesday at 5 o'clock and we had milk and Bread and ginger snaps for supper and I am getting so fat and tan that I look like a niger and tell me the address of John's place and tell me the address of Kitty and send some money about 25 cents and that call now my address is Life's Farm, Branchville, Conn.

DEAR MOTHER:

I am getting very fat. I wish you would send me some money and send it to me quick. Me and Rose is having a very pleasant time. I wish you would come over to see us the name of the country is LIFE'S FARM, Branchville, Conn.

I remain,





(This picture, drawn by Charles Dana Gibson, was first printed in LIFE's issue of August 8, 1889.)

WHAT OUR FRESH AIR FUND IS DOING

### Survival of the Unfittest

THE doctrine of the evolutionists, the "survival of the fittest," seems to fall to the ground when we come to consider our Congress. This is a get-things-done-quick age. It is a ready-to-put-on-and-wear-home age, a just-add-hot-water-and-serve age, a new-speed-record-every-day age, a take-it-or-leave-it-I'm-very-busy age.

How different Congress is from both the letter and the spirit of all this. If Congress should happen by some mischance to get anything important done, it would create a bigger furore than the Mexican near-war. If it should happen to settle one of the traditional questions, such as the tariff, it would be a seven days' wonder. One must actually marvel at the time Congress requires to go through the motions of leaving things in *statu quo*.

Perhaps this new Congress shows a little more animation, enough more possibly to start us hoping. We are thankful even for a little hope. But let Congress heed the warning if it ever expects to catch up and fit in with us.

Ellis O. Jones.



ONE END OF THE DINING ROOM, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

### The Rope of Ocnus

O CNUS, the Greek, through years of wedded life,  
Worked hard, but fruitlessly (so we have learned),  
To gain a modest fortune, which his wife  
Spent foolishly as fast as it was earned.

At last, worn out with toil, he sought his friend,  
The famous Polygnotus: "Paint for me  
A picture that shall serve a useful end,  
And teach my spendthrift wife economy!"

The artist thereupon a man portrayed  
Weaving a rope of straw with weary hands;  
While close behind him stood an ass, who brayed  
With joy as she devoured the luscious strands.

The lesson was not lost; the giddy spouse,  
Quite cured, became a housewife good and true.  
Is there a "rope of Ocnus" in your house?  
And if there is one—at which end are you?

Willis Boyd Allen.

### Catholic Complications in Maine

AN episode that seems to deserve a larger share of public attention than it has been getting is the restlessness of the French-Canadian Catholics in New England under the ecclesiastical government of the Irish bishops. It is very interesting. These French Catholics come down into all parts of New England and proceed to the enjoyment of their religion as far as they can, but seem not to find it altogether enjoyable nor quite the same as it was at home. The liveliest situation is that in Maine. In that State there are 91,000 French-Canadian residents, constituting two-thirds of all the Catholics in the State. When the bishopric of Portland last fell vacant they petitioned the Pope to give them a French bishop, but other counsels prevailed and they got Bishop Walsh, who, like all the rest of his right-reverend brethren in New England, is an Irishman. They don't like it. What they are used to does not appear, but it must be something different from what they get from Bishop Walsh. They seem to want "rights," to own their own churches, have French spoken in their parochial schools, and have a voice in the selection of their spiritual rulers. Some of them have been to the Maine Legislature asking for the abolition of corporations-sole, so that Bishop Walsh may not be the visible and legal owner of their church property. The Bishop has interdicted some of their leaders from church privileges, but their protest goes on with abundant sympathy and counsel from the French-Canadian priests.

This is a very interesting and unusual condition. If these people were Protestants and were not pleased with their spiritual masters, they would bolt and set up for themselves. In Massachusetts, we believe, several French-Canadian congregations have actually done so and turned Baptists, but in Maine the aggrieved are still sending messengers to the Pope and asking to be succored.

SO profound is the interest of Emperor William in everything archaeological that when an ancient temple is excavated at Corfu he spends hour after hour in the closest observation of every detail unearthed. His Majesty, if we are to believe the *London Standard*, has embodied his observations in a report written at length by his own hand. The Emperor's antiquarian proclivities find their happiest expression, however, in his political ideas.

### Husbands, Suffer No More!

*Summer is Coming and Here's a Unique and Practical Plan to Keep Yourselves in Health and Spirits — Manager of H. C. B. Denounces a Former Wife—Merely an Incident*

ON returning from our honeymoon, we learned that one of our former wives had taken advantage of our absence to establish a Wives' Correspondence Bureau, for the purpose of treating all ladies whose married life is not happy. This is intended, of course, to be a direct slap at us and at the same time to get away as much of our business as possible. The lady claims that she has had an opportunity to familiarize herself with our secret methods of curing wives and will apply these same methods to the cure of husbands. All distressed and unhappy women are advised to communicate with her at once.

We understand that she has worked up quite a temporary trade, and from the bottom of our heart we wish her all success. Knowing her boundless capacity for making trouble, we feel easy now that she is in a position where she can make as little of it as possible.

She has, we understand, imitated some of our leading features, advertising an Entertainment Committee, which gives dove and bridge parties, and even goes so far as to teach ladies to smoke cigarettes on the sly, in hopes that this will bring their husbands to their senses. She also has engaged a tall, handsome matinee idol, who will receive all patrons.

We refer to this incident as illustrating how easy it is to copy the outward semblance of an idea, without in any way encroaching upon its spirit and substance.

Our fundamental principle—namely, that you must make husbands happy, must give them an opportunity to see the world in all its varying moods, in order that eventually they may be glad to settle down home, and also, while this process is going on, their wives at the same time are becoming awakened to their own shortcomings—all this, we say, is something that only a master hand can manipulate. Little shades of meaning, little matters of individual tempera-



SEE THE WORLD IN ALL ITS VARYING MOODS

## Aldrich's Big Bank

How It is Proposed to Supply a Deficiency—The Only Thing We Need Now is a Money Trust

ONCE upon a time there was a great country filled with trusts and trusting people.

There was every known kind of trust, save one. There was no money trust. From time to time ill-advised reformers and overzealous orators charged that there was a money trust. There were, to be sure, big financial interests whose very names, even when whispered, struck terror to the sycophantic small fry. But there was no real money trust, no place where the sight-seeing coaches could stop and the guides relate salient features thereof, while free Americans at a dollar per head marveled.

As a consequence the interests, the bankers, the politicians and the patriotic grafters were embarrassed; not financially embarrassed, however, for they still were on good terms with Bradstreet.

They were embarrassed as efficient grabbers of the resources of the country. They felt that they had overlooked something. If the charge of the reformers had been true, they would have taken it as a great compliment to their greed as well as to their shrewdness.

They realized that something must be done if they were to have the game as well as the name. They conferred. They cogitated. They bethought themselves. They consulted their lawyers. They peered furtively into the United States Treasury.

It commenced to look feasible. "If," they said, "we could only find a perfectly plutocratic political person to put it through, it can be done." No sooner had they started on their hunt for a perfectly plutocratic political person than the name of Senator Aldrich

popped into their anxious minds.

When they consulted the perfectly plutocratic Senator, they found him agreeable. "It can be done," he said. "If the public will but sleep a little longer, I can get a perpetual franchise to the public treasury. All of you good bankers can then move in bag and baggage." He explained it to them at greater length and it looked so good to them they all set to work at once and began to pack their belongings preparatory to moving to their new financial domicile.

(This story is to be continued here and there throughout the country during the summer and fall. When Congress opens, it may grow more interesting, and, if the public is sufficiently alive, its ending might surprise the aforesaid perfectly plutocratic political person.)



WE CAN TELL YOU JUST WHAT YOUR WIFE IS DOING

ment—all these things are what count in the long run.

Our former marital friend—we force ourselves to speak of her in this magnanimous manner—forgets that we, too, invariably have the interest of every wife at heart. Even while we temporarily lead her husband away from her, we watch her and treat her silently, knowing that it is best for her interest that for a few weeks or months, maybe, he should be placed under the charge of our tall, handsome blonde. This bureau is, in effect, a wives' as well as a husbands' bureau. Instead of being an enemy to all women, as some people think, we are doing all we can for them.

And we are happy to say that, at rare intervals, some woman is big and broad enough to understand fully just what grand work we are doing. It is letters like the following that touch us the most:

Dear Sir:

Will you permit a former critic to apologize to you for an unjust thought? You do not know me, but my husband some time ago, unknown to me, placed himself under your treatment. For years we had been steadily drawing apart. He was a quiet, thoughtful man—immersed in his own occupation, in which he continued to grow more absorbed; while I, on my part, feeling the need of life and gaiety, occupied myself with outside interests. One day (as I now know by your advice) he went out to a poker party; then he

paid you a visit, and was gone for weeks. I believe during this interval he even went to your Paris branch. Needless for me to tell you what I did in the interval. I almost went mad. But when he came back he was another man. I forgave him, while he, on his part, confessed to me that he had become a confirmed idler. Now we are permanently congenial. And you did it all!

Not all cases are like this. Sometimes we have to restrain the husband and point out to him the error of his ways. It all depends on the individual case.

Meanwhile, summer is coming, and we call attention to the fact that this year our programme has never been equaled. Is your wife getting uneasy and does she want to go away to some expensive place and spend all of your money in riotous living? Communicate with us at once. Do you, on your part, wish to obtain a few weeks much needed rest? We will mail, on receipt of price, our list of summer resorts to any address, provided the writer is one of our regular customers.

We have also decided to open a summer branch in all of our principal cities for the use of husbands whose wives will be away. Each branch will be fitted out with every possible convenience—shower baths, poker rooms, vaudeville performances, etc. And in addition to this, we have established a complete detective service, which covers the whole country,



HER HUSBAND IS NOT LOSING ANY SLEEP OVER IT





TOYS OF THE WORLD'S CHILDHOOD

for the use of our patrons. By means of this unique service we can tell you at any hour of the day and night just what your wife is doing at any summer resort and just how much money she is spending.

In connection with this, we might say that we have been approached by a former Christian Scientist, who desired us to employ him to open up what he termed a system of absent treatment.

We listened respectfully, but we take no stock in any such methods. We have been in the business of treating chronic cases of marital infelicity now for many years, and the result is that if any cure is to be effected it must be done by hard, practical measures.

When the wife of any of our customers, for example, who happens to be having her fling at any summer resort, suddenly discovers that her husband is not losing any sleep over it (he may be losing sleep, but not for that), why it makes her stop and think. We then send one of our representatives to see her, and, by our own secret methods, bring the two together permanently.

No husband need suffer more than two months at the outside.

We cure anything but chronic suffragettis.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

### Southerners Coming Into Power

THE Democratic Party is coming pretty strong, and its leadership comes mainly from the South and West. And especially from the South, where for fifty years there has been far less money than in the North and people have cared far less than Northerners about money and more about ideas. Who live by the sword, by the sword shall perish; who live by the tariff shall wish they hadn't, and who live for the dollar will see power slip away from their dollar-filled hands and nestle in fingers that have been differently directed. So goes on the medication of life.

### Snap-shots at Truth

LET'S see; what did Methuselah do besides live?

The harem skirt is more shinned against than shinning.

It isn't the cashbook that makes the man—it's the ledger.

Every little auto has a movement all its own.

Watch your jump. Some conclusions are just over the precipice.

Statistics—Fiction in its most uninteresting form.



THE LITTLE MOTHER



LIFE'S GALLERY OF SAINTS

## Latest from Wall Street

ON account of the rain Monday, there was quite a heavy selling of Umbrellas Preferred in and around the Stock Exchange. In spite of this, however, Umbrellas continued to go up during the entire period. There was also some borrowing in this stock for future delivery. Goloshes Common were easy and elastic.

On Tuesday the Board of Governors met and decided that Wall Street should pay no attention to the extra session of Congress, on the ground that it is too important. About noon prices again became peevish. They would neither fluctuate, liquidate nor disburse. London was advised and King George held a long consultation with Morgan's English art secretary. Shortly thereafter the market eased off and brokers began to offer a choice supply of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Whistler, and Moriarity, but as the prices did not attract the public the trading remained professional and connoisseur-like.

On Wednesday and Thursday the bearish activity was decidedly more bullish. On account of the limited supply of lambs, it was decided to introduce goats into the trading. It is claimed by experts that goats will be much better able to digest such securities as Copper, Steel, Smelters and Tin. Harlem was notified and the market eased on.

On Friday a strange thing happened. Long before the opening, while many of the brokers were still asleep in their Jersey beds, prices became uneasy and began to fluctuate. This was never heard of before. They became so unruly that the trainers had to call in the janitors and the janitors had to call in the police. Finally a reporter arrived with a supply of rumors. These were thrown into the overwrought prices and then they eased off to await the opening.

Saturday: Bank statement.

THE fact that Teddy was in England did not occur to the Prince until he heard himself called an unqualified liar.

## That Japanese Craze

THERE'S Japanese paper on the walls,  
And Japanese storks in all the halls,  
A Japanese gong to dinner calls  
In a tone that's weird and wheezy;  
Japanese gods along the stair,  
And bamboo what-nots everywhere,  
And Japanese dolls with funny hair—  
It makes one Jap-uneasy!

Wistaria vines adorn each room,  
And cherry blossoms all in bloom,  
And iris done in tints that "boom"—  
Tints that they call "effective";  
And landscapes—yellow, blue and green—

The kind no mortal eye has seen,  
With Geishas prancing in between  
In marvelous perspective!

Japanese mattings on the floor,  
And Japanese fans above the door,  
Of squatty gods a score or more—  
Enough one's luck to Jonah;  
My smoking coat is Yeddo-blue,  
Designed for some heathen Nanki Poo.  
Wife's house gown? Yes! That's Jappy,  
too—

An orange and green kimona!

We've Japanese tables set for tea  
And Japanese china quaint to see,  
And Japanese "dainties"—that taste to me

Like a mixture of prunes and putty;  
And twixt Jap things here and Jap things there,

Japlets to eat and Japs to wear,  
And an odor of Jap in the very air—  
I'm getting Japa-nutty!

Irving Dillon.

MAGGIE PAPAKURA, the Maori chief, while besieging a British regiment in a native New Zealand fortification, learned that the foe had run out of ammunition. He at once sent in a supply, so as to make the fight a fair one. Maggie has since been civilized.

## Exercise

WOULD we all be better men if we took quantities of systematic, hard exercise like President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt and the polo players?

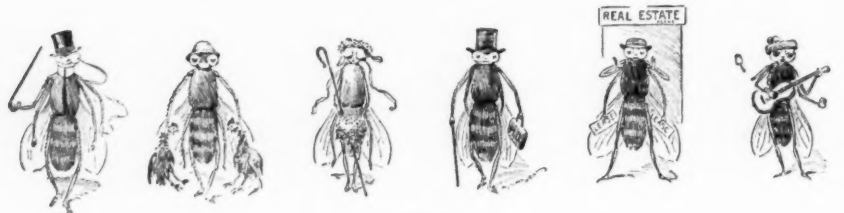
It seems to be good for Presidents. They have to keep always in condition for positive performance. They must talk on demand—talk with vigor and say something; they must decide a score of important matters daily at sight, and need to have all their wits about them, because it is an embarrassment when they decide wrong. The executive men seem to require exercise, the amount to vary according to their weight and physical habit. They are in the position of persons who must hit the line hard, and that seems to take physical energy, even though the effort is an effort of mind and will and not of body.

But ruminative and contemplative persons, whose job is to think things out and come to wise conclusions and make wise decisions about them, seem often to prosper with the least amount of bodily exertion that will keep their nerves calm and their digestions in order. Their energy seems to go to their brains, without so much diversion of it to physical maintenance.

Emerson was no athlete, though probably a fair walker; Mr. Morgan takes no exercise except in pulling at cigars; Mr. Root has been known to go to Muldoon's and take treatment, but otherwise seems to take little exercise; Mr. Milburn, the lawyer, father of the great Milburn, the international polo player, rests at times, but gets his exercise much as Mr. Morgan does; there is probably no one living who ever saw Mr. Choate take any hard physical exercise. If Mr. Taft had gone on the bench instead of to the White House he would never have had a trainer to chase him around his bedroom for forty minutes every morning before breakfast.

Exercise seems to be one of the bitter penalties of greatness. If you don't want to be great, but just a lawyer or a banker or a poet or a judge, you needn't take much. But if you insist upon being a President or a Mayor or a polo player or a creative writer of best sellers, you had best make up your mind to go round the track.

MADAME ANNA FILOSOFOFF, the veteran leader of the woman's movement in Russia, has made a name for herself, although one less remarkable than that of the great actress, Madame Komizharschefskey.



FLIES

Gad Fly

Black Fly

May Fly

Bluebottle Fly

House Fly

Spanish Fly





Ethel: NOW YOU LEAVE ME ALONE OR I'LL TELL YOUR MOTHER.

### Unsigned, of Course

A man who committed suicide by inhaling gas at No. 54 Suffolk Street this morning left a postal card addressed to "The Police," which read: "I am going to kill myself. I am from Pittsburg, and my family is good." It was not signed.—*Daily Paper.*

OF course it was not signed. Nobody about to embark for another sphere would want to leave his name signed to two statements which nine finders out of ten would promptly pronounce to be incompatible. Of course there are good families in Pittsburg, but what newspaper reader would believe it?

### "Water, Water Everywhere!"

LIFE'S an aquatic meet—some swim, some dive, some back water, some float and the rest—sink.

"IS it possible," asked Wm. J. Bryan at Albany recently, "that you in New York have platforms which you cannot understand?"

Is it possible that Mr. Bryan knows of a platform anywhere which we can understand?



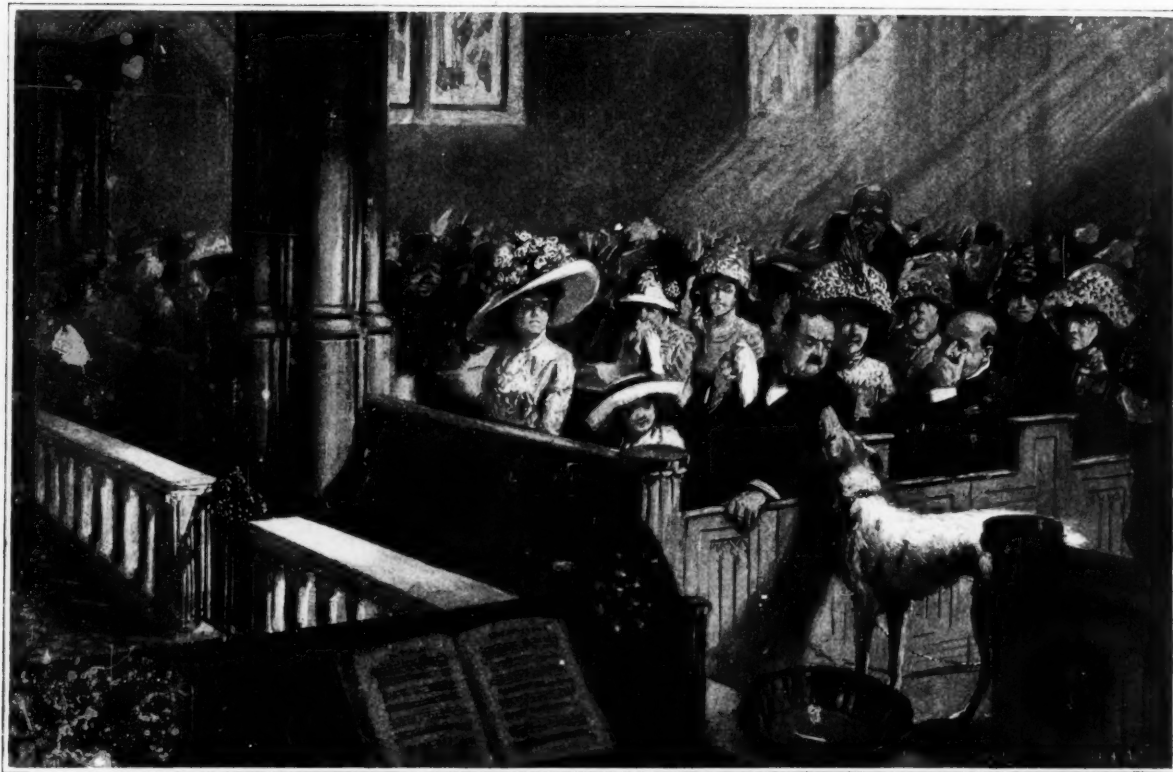
The Medium: WE ARE NOW IN COMMUNICATION WITH YOUR DEPARTED WIFE. DO YOU WANT TO ASK HER ANY QUESTION?

"YES: I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE SHE PUT MY SUMMER UNDERWEAR."

THE Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the representative of the Czar at the coronation, was in Paris not long ago and became an admirer of Mme. Bartet of the Comédie Française. He sent her a bouquet with the imperial card attached, and, accepting it as a formal courtesy, she thought no more about it; but the next night came another, and thereafter a succession. Later she saw the Duke, who was extremely puzzled, until it developed that his valet, who delivered the flowers, had received a tip of twenty francs upon each occasion and had bought a ten-franc bouquet.

IN London they feel that the Venus de Milo, in spite of a strong leaning towards the nude, is perfectly 'armless.





THE DOG I LEFT BEHIND ME

## The Human Cook Book



## THE CLAIRVOYANT

A few leading questions, a guess and a hunch.  
Add four or five dollars or so;  
It's well worth the money you pay her,  
because  
She may tell you something you know!



## A FISHERMAN

To a rod and a reel add a bottle of rum,  
And a comfortable place for the head—  
It's optional whether you add fish or not;  
Use dod-gasted whoppers instead!



## A WOP

A pound of spaghetti' and a red-a bandan'  
A stilet' and a corduroy suit;  
Add garlic wat make for him stronga da  
mus'  
And a talent for black-a da boot!

## Listen, Women of America

*Life's Fashion Reform League First to Introduce Harem Skirt—Other Innovations in Progress—Soon Every Woman Will Be Able to Pick Out Her Own Ostrich—New Buildings*

IT is now the appropriate moment to make the announcement that LIFE's Fashion Reform League was the first to introduce into the country—or anywhere else, in fact—the celebrated jupe-culotte skirt, vulgarly known as the harem skirt.

We did not think it best to make this announcement before, but the fact is that so many countries have now made an attempt to rob us of our glory, that we feel we must make the truth known.



THE SHEPHERDESS

FOR THE SIX O'CLOCK BREAKFAST ON A SHEEP RANCH

The affair is now about over. Several of our patrons have worn the skirts in various parts of the world and have been mobbed for their pains. This only goes to show that we are at least a hundred years ahead of the time.

We shall continue occasionally to introduce effects like the harem skirt, merely to give a piquancy to the styles; but it should be thoroughly understood that our main work is fundamental; it concerns vitally the women of America, and as time goes on we shall be able to

show that the science of fashion is all-comprehensive, embracing, as it does, every art and every industry.

Our process is purely uplifting. We use our regular members as a medium to produce an effect upon the men of this country—that is to say, upon the producers.

Every man cherishes the illusion that he is somebody—that is to say, he thinks he is performing a useful part of the work of society. What he is really doing is to make enough money to provide clothes for the women, and it is our office to lift this up into a science and art combined that will make the age of Louis XIV. look like a wedding on the Heights of Jersey City.

It is for this purpose that we have established the finest array of buildings in the country for the purpose of furnishing some of our most exclusive ladies with their clothes.

We also have our heron farm in Florida, where we raise aigrettes for millinery purposes, and we expect to start



NO MATTER HOW GRACEFUL THE GOWN, IT IS THE HAT, AFTER ALL, THAT GIVES "THAT FINAL TOUCH"—THAT "JE NE SAIS QUEER."

an ostrich and peacock farm combined next week in California. We have experts now in the field making an investigation of new birds and animals, for the purpose of using them as ornaments on ladies' hats. This subject has by no means been exhausted. We are now experimenting with a new form of ornithorhynchus and expect soon to have these new animals for the exclusive use of our patrons. We shall be able, when we have our animal and bird farms going, to offer our customers and patrons the opportunity of visiting the farms in person and picking out their own bird or animal, as the case may be. This will add a sentiment to their

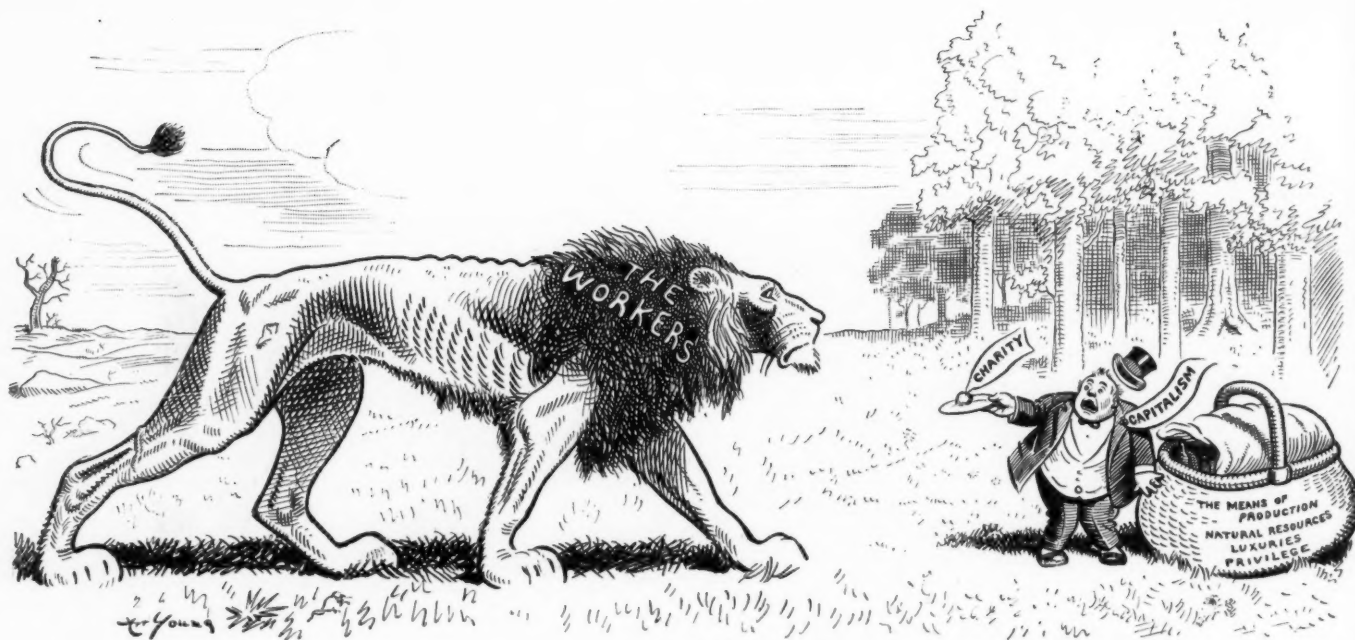


THE ROSARY

AN AFTERNOON MUSICAL FROCK

wearing, not to be obtained in any other way. The mere fact that you have been on personal and intimate terms with the animal you are wearing is an idea entirely new in the history of clothes and





Giving a Cream Puff to a Hungry Lion

only reveals the completeness of our methods. Our new banting establishment is now open to our patrons. It is on the left as you enter LIFE Park (formerly Central). We can reduce the weight of any woman in the world at the rate of one pound a day. No personal sacrifices entailed. You can eat as much and expensively as ever. No rolling on the floor or rubber underwear. Our method is a secret electrical process, and the price is only \$100 a treatment. If you are too thin and wish to increase your weight, we can also obtain the right results.

Just beyond the banting establishment is our new hair-dressing parlor. In this parlor we have many innovations. We make you rats of any size and weight while you wait, and we can do up your hair for a party or the theater in nine hundred styles. Beyond the hair-dressing parlor is the Mall, where our patrons practice barefoot walking before going on the avenue.

Some of our new bride's costumes are extremely effective. We have just originated a new model, which may be worn on the first days of the honeymoon. It is a semi-princess polyglot meteor crêpe de chine, with a cowcatcher hat and a black satin trouser effect in the rear, but not enough to attract attention from more than thirty or forty at a time. The whole is covered with white lace with *fourreau* endings, and is worn barefooted in all parlor cars.

We furnish bride's traveling costumes for use on any railroad. For the N. Y., N. H. & H. we recommend a steel plating for front and a burnished brass shoulder, with a vacuum cleaner attachment and pink crystal beads on the side. The whole is impervious to rain and soot, and can also be worn in Pittsburg and Chicago. For Niagara Falls and Old Point Comfort we have devised a modest costume of Nile green baroness pongee, with velvet panels in rear and a chiffon heart set in on the back between shoulders, with passamenterie effect of tapestry on skirt, showing rice fields

growing in distance. The bride carries an imitation bag representing an old shoe, which we sell for only \$100 a piece.

One of our latest designs for bride's hats is a renaissance of Indian feathers, consisting of a band of ostrich plumes three feet in length and arranged like an aurora borealis overhead. The feathers are in all colors of rainbow and look well on Pennsylvania avenue or on boardwalk at Atlantic City.

Later on we shall offer some new bathing suits. For the present we have what is called the fig leaf embonpoint, consisting of a lobster red cerise maple leaf effect that is worn simply and unaffectedly, as if you didn't know it. Others are made of heavy wool, seven yards long and the same wide, for elderly ladies who are afraid of catching cold in the water.

Remember that the League is for the sole benefit of American women and is designed to make us independent of all other nations. Indeed, France is already beginning to copy us. In the meantime, every woman who reads this should remember that no matter how homely she is, by following our designs she can reconstruct herself and attract the men perhaps by hundreds. The League is based on the fundamental idea that to interest the men you must startle them continuously, no matter how much it costs.

Take a look at some of our customers as they walk up and down Fifth avenue every day and you will obtain a glimpse of what we are really doing for this country.

*Life's Fashion Reform League.*

**C**OL. HENRY WATTERSON wants to avoid future trouble by selling the Philippines to Japan. One of the difficulties of this proposal is that Japan has no money. Japan is trying to save up enough money for a war. Why not put up the Philippines at auction?

## The Gossip's Corner

**M**R. JUSTICE HUGHES, of the United States Supreme Court, keeps a copy of Epictetus on a little table near his bed. He reads the ancient philosopher when he can't sleep. When he can he doesn't. He's in court then.

Dr. Karl Pearson, the head of the Galton laboratory of eugenics, hopes the scientific method of breeding human beings may in time attain the fascination of a religious idea. How much wiser to give it the force of a money-making idea!

Don Jamie De Bourbon, the Carlist Pretender to the throne of Spain, means to establish a daily paper to advocate his cause as the only eligible and capable ruler of his native land. His Highness is not in the least daunted by what happened to William Randolph Hearst.

Count Zeppelin, the venerable pioneer with the modern type of dirigible balloon, is not in the least disconcerted by the wreck of his latest airship. Neither are the Wright brothers.

The Harvard professor who lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris this year—Dr. W. Henry Schofield—took as his subject the English idea of a gentleman. The French detect a certain pedantry in such reversion to the obsolete.

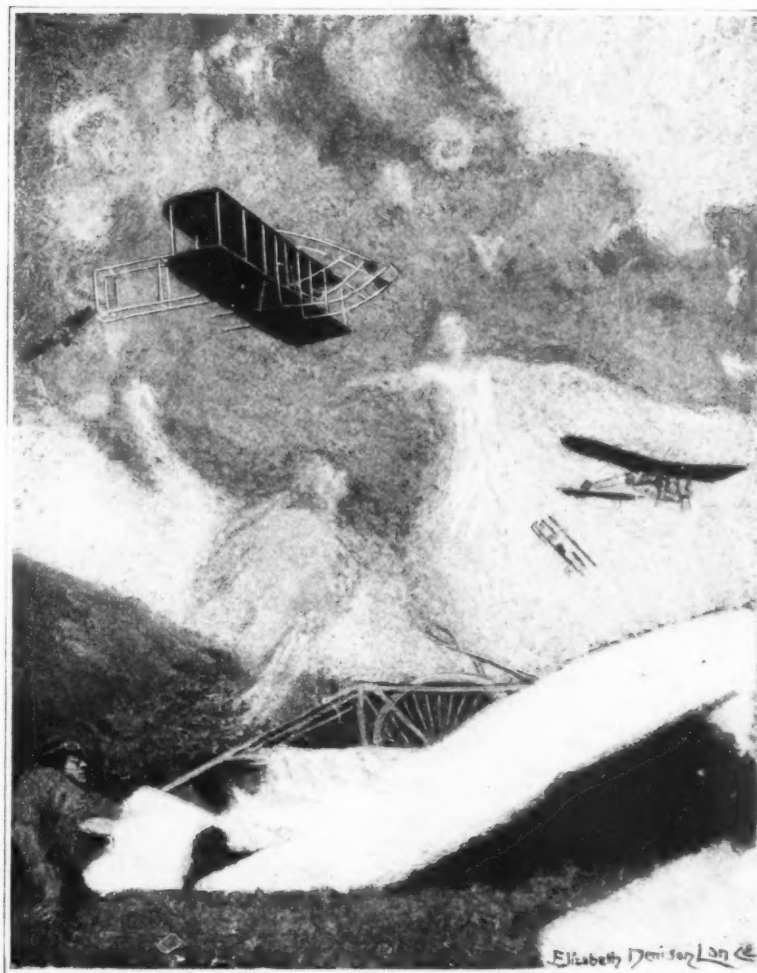
Madame Curie, the brilliant scientist, whose work in radium has immortalized her, can wash and bake. Shaw roasts. Roosevelt boils.

General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, says a great moral awakening has taken place among the criminal classes. It may even extend to the clergy.

It is affirmed that Mrs. G. Cornwallis-West never walks. She glides. The same grace of gait characterizes her son, the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, unless the suffragettes are after him. Then he skips.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, is a reformed rake. He has given up everything—horses, cards, wine, women, and may yet give up the crown.

London note.—The King can do no wrong—because the Queen watches him.



THE HEIGHT RECORD

## The Art of Knowing People

**T**HE art of knowing people has no National Academy set aside in which to foster its proper development. It has no cult and no votaries. No impassioned orator has pleaded for it in the halls of history and no reformer in the ranks of literature has risen to promulgate its forceful claims. It is not a lost art, for it has never been found. And yet what art could be made more valuable or make for a higher standard of human progress?

We make our first fatal mistake early in life, when, in ignorance and inexperience, we begin by knowing people indiscriminately. There is no one to set us in the right direction. Even our parents, beyond keeping us off the

streets, do practically nothing toward giving us an intelligent start in the right direction.

Thus we go on, until at last we become hopelessly entangled in acquaintanceships from which there is no relief but death.

Making acquaintances is very much like gambling in Wall Street. We may buy a friend on a margin and at a critical moment be sold out; or, if we have sufficient capital, in order not to lose what we have already put into a friend, we may be constantly induced to put in more capital.

Nothing contributes so much to our comfort and happiness or our misery as the quality of the people we know. Yet this is the last thing that we take into account.



Is Soda Mixing Bad f





Mixing Bad for the Heart?

## Grand Millionaires' Parade

*Great Event Takes Place  
Under Cloudless Skies  
—Monster Demonstration*

THE Grand Millionaires' Parade arranged under the auspices of LIFE took place on Tuesday morning, as scheduled. It is almost impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the parade was received by the common people everywhere. The baseball games scheduled for the day had to be abandoned.

During the day the tenement district was deserted, all the inhabitants thronging up on Fifth avenue in order to cheer their benefactors.

"There is no more danger from Socialism," said Mr. H. C. Frick late last night. "Now that the poor people have seen us all and realize our difficulties, we are united to them by renewed ties. Every millionaire in the country will now rest easier. It was a brilliant idea."

President Taft when seen, said:

"The social unrest through the country was becoming serious. Owing to the fact that many great malefactors were out of jail, that the tariff had not been reduced, and that thousands of worthy people everywhere were out of work, it was increasingly evident that something would have to be done. The idea of having a millionaires' parade, in which the home lives of all millionaires would be shown to the common people—thus uniting us all in bonds of sympathy—was an inspiration. Now that the lower classes realize what the millionaires have to contend with, there will be no more trouble."

Mr. J. P. Morgan refused to talk at length.

"I look for prosperity," he said at last.

As stated by President Taft, the idea of the parade came as an inspiration. It has long been felt that if our millionaires could only be brought into more intimate touch with the common people, much would be explained.

"I realize now," said a retired bricklayer yesterday, who is at the head of a family of twelve and has been out of a job for eight months, "that Mr. Gould and Mr. Ryan and the others are, after all, only human beings like myself, and it makes me feel entirely different. I no longer feel so bitterly about my starving family as I did, realizing that all millionaires have their own troubles."

It is impossible in this brief space to give more than a passing glimpse of the great parade. Sufficient is it to say that every phase in the life of a strug-



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"YOU MUST BE WASHED, DEAR, WE'RE GOIN' TER THE COUNTRY AN' YOU MIGHT 'GET THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS DIRTY!"

*Our thanks are hereby extended to Mr. Bert Levy, who has donated this picture to the Fresh Air Number.*

gling millionaire was pictured and reproduced with faithful art, so that all could see.

"Me heart wept within me," said a washer lady with six children to support, "as I stood on the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street and saw what I saw."

J. P. Morgan and Andrew Carnegie led the parade, each mounted on an Arabian steed, presented to them by the United Mine Workers.

A corps of Pittsburg millionaires, preceded by the 23d Regiment band, came immediately after.

Then followed a line of twenty thou-

sand minor millionaires from all parts of the country.

The auto parade was magnificent, over forty thousand limousine bodies being in line.

The floats were complete and represented every phase in the home life of the millionaire. Among the subjects treated were:

Millionaire and wife in two million home eating breakfast, showing serving of meal and how they enjoy themselves. Expression on faces true to life.

A Newport Home. Showing man and wife and forty servants.

Bridge Party of Upper Fifth Avenue.



# MOURNING

FOR THE LIVING AND FOR THE DEAD

This was a very popular float, revealing as it did a number of sixteen-year-old millionairesses playing for five dollars a point.

The Pet Dog. A wonderful representation of nurse and dog, showing complete schedule in life of dog from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with dog's wardrobe in plain sight.

"The Arrival." This float depicted the arrival of an American millionaire and his wife at a European hotel.

Five Steps to Divorce. This float showed how divorces are secured and the methods leading up to them.

Among the banners were the following:

ONE MILLION DOLLARS OFFERED FOR  
A NEW SENSATION

WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOUR SYMPATHY. REMEMBER THAT WE HAVE OUR OWN TROUBLES.

TWO MILLIONS FOR THE MAN WHO INVENTS A NEW FOOD

Now that this parade has been such an immense success in New York, we understand that it will be copied by every large city throughout the country.

Thus the masses will no longer be arrayed against the classes. The brotherhood of man is assured.

## • Light-headed

LOST—A cane belonging to a gentleman with an aluminum head.

## The Need for New Slums

FASHIONS change in everything else, why not in slums? New York, always a leader, has succeeded in establishing some very complete and highly civilized slums. Not for a single moment do we deny that fact. They are perhaps the best the world has ever seen.

But is that any reason why we should keep the same ones year after year? That's not the New York way. If New York doesn't like some fine building on Fifth avenue or upper Broadway, down it comes and up goes a better one before you know it. Consequently the better parts of the city are always new, novel and noisy.

Now let us do the same with our slums. Then sight-seeing tourists can come back perennially and always feel sure of being horrified by up-to-date horrors.



## Another Rooster Learning to Crow

John Masefield's, "The Street of To-day," a Promising Failure—  
Price Collier Sizes Up the Orient While Chatting With Maharajas—  
Stewart Edward White "At Home" in His Mountain Cabin



### See and Agree

NOW here is a point you will see  
As doubtless some others you saw:  
At least let us hope you'll agree  
As we, when 'twas mentioned, agraw—  
The point, then, is readily seen;  
We trust that with us you've agreed.

From spelling's old rules we would free  
You, reader, as others we frow;  
The hindering modes we would flee  
As from other bothers we flew.  
If with us you'll only have seen,  
Then all of us will have been freed.

### Unfortunate

MADAME JUDITH GAUTIER, the clever French writer of fiction and of plays, is now helping Pierre Loti to write a novel. He needed help badly.

IF you have ever raised chickens and have listened with an attentive and discriminating ear to the abortive crowing of the season's candidates for roosterdom, you will catch the exact meaning of the statement that John Masefield's "The Street of To-day" (Dutton, \$1.50) is one of the most hopeful failures of current English fiction. Judged as a novel, it is an undeniable hodge-podge. But looked at candidly as a hodge-podge, it has some astonishingly good notes in it. As a result the volume is one which those had best pass who turn to fiction either for the pleasant distraction of a fluent story, or for the clean-cut setting forth of a clarified point of view, or for the objective elucidation of a criticism of life. "The Street of To-day" has the elements of all these in it and the intention of them all; but it wholly realizes none of them. On the other hand, those (and they are happily fairly numerous) to whom English fiction is a growing plant and not a bunch of cut flowers, and to whom intellectual intercourse as well as æsthetic satisfaction is part of a novel's assets, will find themselves repaid for reading Mr. Masefield's book. His story, a protest against the head-long enthusiasm of the feminists, deals with a young physician and scientist returned from field and research work in Africa and India, who, dreaming of helpful comradeship with a sympathetic woman, falls in love with a pretty face and makes matrimonial shipwreck on the reefs of a shallow nature. The author is one of the less prominent members of the group of insurgent dramatists headed by Shaw and officered by Granville Barker and John Galsworthy. This is his first attempt to use the novel as a medium of serious self-expression. And if it shows plainly that he has not yet found himself as a novelist, it proves no less conclusively that he is a man of parts, a literary conversationalist of ability and a companion worth cultivating.

MR. PRICE COLLIER, after spending what must have been an intensely interesting year in the Orient, has published a book called "The West in the East from an American Point of View" (Scribner, \$1.50). By intention this title indicates a report upon the undertakings of occidental nations in the East, regarded from the viewpoint of America's possible activities in cognate fields. By accident it also expresses with much nicety the particular blend of vivid phrasing, mental acumen, temperamental cocksureness and iconoclastic inclination that, rightly or wrongly, foreigners recognize as typically American. Mr. Collier traveled with exceptional credentials and writes with frequent verve and unflagging aggressiveness. He visited native potentates, dined with colonial dignitaries, saw the Orient, in fact, from the front row of orchestra stalls and felt himself to be behind the scenes. It is an open question as to how much further one can see into the brick wall of the native East from the official guest house of a Maharaja than from a government Dak Bungalow. But there is no question as to how much further one thinks that one can see.

IN "The Cabin" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50), Stewart Edward White has added to the list of his non-fictional writings about the wilderness a volume that in a way is the most intimate and attractive of them all. It describes the locating and building of his summer camp in the Sierras; the personnel of his far-scattered neighbors; the joys and contrarities of life in the hills and the activities and interests that



THE HORSE IN 1951

fill the days there. And as it is quite possible that in a voting contest as to the most popular writer about the bigger aspects of the out-of-door world Mr. White's name would head the polls, his latest volume should receive a wide and warm welcome. And Mr. White has earned his popularity. For he is not only a genuine lover of the open, but he has never allowed his literary interests to taint his outlook. There are probably few persistent invaders of the wilds who have not, in some moment of after-supper-camp-fire communicativeness, heard old mountaineers or woodsmen pour out upon Stewart Edward White's head the vials of that virulent contempt that workaday professionals—especially those arch-individualists, the frontiersman, the hunter and the guide—reserve for the amateur, no matter how expert, who writes about their specialties. They are doubtless justified. But they are also mistaken. For they forget, or rather they cannot know, that the best of these amateurs do us other laymen a service that it is beyond the power of the professional to render us, in that by putting our own inarticulate feelings into words they explain us to ourselves in terms of the wilds.

J. B. Kerfoot.

#### CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

*Across South America*, by Hiram Bingham. An entertaining account of explorations along the old Inca highway in the Andes.  
*The Cabin*, by Stewart Edward White. See preceding page.  
*Demeter's Daughter*, by Eden Phillpotts. Skip the scenic rhapsodies and you'll find an excellent, though sombre, story of Dartmoor folk.  
*The Dweller on the Threshold*, by Robert Hichens. The weird results of an hypnotic experiment. Fine material for a short story almost ruined to make a poor novel.  
*Essays on Russian Novelists*, by William Lyon Phelps. A re-

markable analysis of Russian character as shown in the national fiction and other critical papers.

*Lafcadio Hearn in Japan*, by Yone Noguchi. Interesting, but grossly expressed, impressions of Hearn as seen by alien eyes.

*The Legacy*, by Mary S. Watts. A "speaking likeness" of the Middle West in the middle nineties, and a thoroughly companionable story.

*The Long Roll*, by Mary Johnson. A long, plodding and initially wearisome fiction-history of the Civil War; from which, nevertheless, emerges a haunting vision of the South militant.

*Members of the Family*, by Owen Wister. Short stories of the development of Wyoming in which reappear characters from "The Virginian."

*Queed*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. The romance of an "eccentric." A good first novel by a new Southern writer.

*The Riding Master*, by Dolf Wyllarde. A tale of matrimonial mix-ups that will pass muster as a time killer.

*The Street of To-Day*, by John Masefield. See preceding page.

*The West in the East*, by Price Collier. See preceding page.

*Woman and Labor*, by Olive Schreiner. The sex-philosophy and race-logic of the feminist movement as a big-minded woman sees them.



A SAFE REFUGE

The Beetle: COME ON, MR. BIRD, I DARE YOU!

## Life's Family Album

Agnes Repplier



THE art of writing essays is not unlike that of guiding an aeroplane. All the machinery must be in perfect adjustment, down to the most trivial detail. The poise must be absolutely correct. A mind tuned to the greatest delicacy must be behind it all; and to add to this, experience must act as a sure guide. That is why there are so few first-class essayists. In this country who is there, we wonder, to approach Miss Repplier? She has what we may term the sense of words—a combination of taste and judgment in the use of her vocabulary. She has the right sort of humor, always held in the proper perspective, never over exaggerated; and she has common sense united with that kind of culture which is produced by much thought and reading. Her home is in Philadelphia, and thither we flew impertinently seeking information. For what would LIFE's Album be without the one whose writings have delighted so many of LIFE's readers? It was immediately evident, however, that the whole affair would be matter of fact.

"You were born, Miss Repplier?"

"In Philadelphia."

"And educated?"

"In the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

"Wasn't one of your books——?"

"You refer to 'In Our Convent Days.' Yes, that book and one other, 'The Fireside Sphinx,' I have written *con amore*. 'The Fireside Sphinx' was inspired by love for my cat, Agrippina (would that I could believe Dr. Furness to be a true prophet when he promises her the immortality of Lesbia's sparrow!), and 'In Our Convent Days' was inspired by affection for my friend and schoolmate, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who is the 'Elizabeth' of those veracious stories."

"When were your first essays written?"

"In 1886. 'Children Past and Present' was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in that year, and my first book of essays, 'Books and Men,' was published in 1888."

"When did you first begin to be a genius, Miss Repplier?"

"Dear me, I did not learn the art of reading until I was nine years of age—rather late, I admit. I have never studied. I have only read all my life."

"How do you stand on the suffrage question?"

"I am personally indifferent to it."

WHERE ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly for a doctor to tell a patient what he has written on his prescription.

## When You Complain Name the Paper!

A RECENT letter to the *Evening Post* begins:

SIR: Some of the New York papers, one in particular, published an account of a disaster at the Flushing Circus and Carnival during the fierce storm of Saturday night.

There follows complaint in detail of the reckless untruthfulness of the account given. But why should not this complainant, and others like him, have named the papers, "one in particular," that were at fault? As St. Paul might have said: "Don't beat the air. Punch your man where he lives."

## Doubt

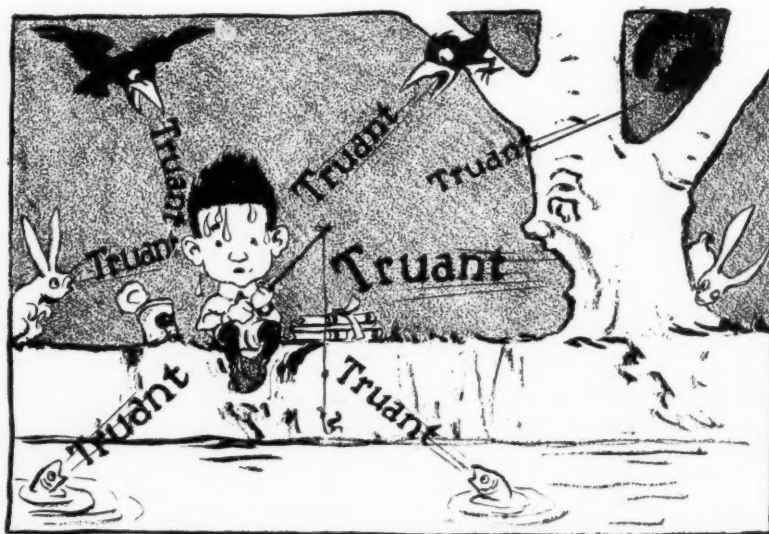
SIR OLIVER LODGE does not believe in death. He wonders if there is really any such thing. His doubts may have been vitalized by the statistics of the United States Pension Office.

## An Entomologist

LORD AVEBURY spends his leisure in the study of ants and has won fame by writing about them. His serious occupation is statesmanship, but his celebrity is due to his leisure.

"I OFFERED to let him have a hundred."

"That would only be a drop in the bucket-shop."



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

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TOBACCO

"Tobacco, which stains the teeth and spoils the taste of powder."

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is especially prepared to remove most stained teeth, clean and pure Enamel and gum tissue, fresh mouth. Write for full particulars. 25c (current) Contains enough

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# SMOKERS' TOOTHPASTE

## "Tobacco Teeth"

Tobacco, whether smoked or chewed, will soon stain the teeth dark and yellow. The ordinary tooth paste or powder cannot prevent this. *Know then that*

### SMOKERS' TOOTHPASTE

is especially prepared to neutralize the tobacco-polluted secretions of the mouth, that it will whiten the most stained teeth and keep the mouth and throat clean and pure. No hard scrubbing necessary. Enamel and gums are fortified, NOT damaged. *A clean, fresh mouth once more!*

Write for fuller description of this "necessary luxury" or better still, send

25c (stamps or currency) for LARGE TUBE

Contains enough for a month's use. Our money-back guarantee with each tube. Address

SMOKERS' TOOTHPASTE COMPANY  
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Looks good to me  
A. SMOKER

## Rhymed Reviews

### The Law of the Bolo

(By Stanley Portal Hyatt. Dana Estes & Company.)

There lived, or lives, in fair Luzon  
The Filipino, Felizardo,  
Who never learned Polit. Econ.  
From Bluntschli, Mill or D. Ricardo,

Yet ruled a mountain commonweal  
Of Tagal desperadoes, solo,  
And made their court of last appeal  
The two-foot knife that's called a bolo.

This Filipino Robin Hood  
Who ranged the hills behind Manila  
Was noble, chivalrous and good;  
He never harried town or villa;

He may have laid a trifling tax  
On native lords and grafting jobbers,  
But hanged, or boloeed in their tracks  
All common, sanguinary robbers.

Young Captain Hayle, obliged to lead  
The Philippine's Constabulary  
Against our chief, politely freed  
The daughter of his adversary;

In consequence the outlaw penned  
A note to say, despite invasion  
He'd show himself the captain's friend  
Upon the earliest occasion.

Now Captain Hayle adored the wife  
Of Captain Bush—a brutal drinker



IF you've never felt the majesty and peace of mountains, drunk deep of crystal air, known what sleep means a mile above the sea, you should go to Colorado. If you've been there you're going again, Colorado never surfeits.

And if you're travel-wise you're going via the Rock Island Lines, on the deservedly famous ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

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The road of Supreme Service and the Train without a peer. Transportation at its utmost of fastidious comfort.

A day's journey to remember all your days, upon a train that is a veritable surprise of luxurious appointment. A retinue of servants at your bidding. Beds not berths. Feasts, not meals.

You may be an experienced traveler, but just for the point's sake, here's something you did not guess—Victrola recitals. One of the many features that gives the Rocky Mountain Limited distinction in all that is supremely best in modern journeying.

The Mountaineer (every night) and other fast trains daily from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

We have illustrated booklets that will make you wish you were in Colorado or California. Let me send them to you. L. M. Allen, Pass. Traffic Mgr. & La Salle Station, Chicago, Ills.

If you haven't  
been to  
COLORADO



If you have—  
you're going  
again

# CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR

Made by The American Sugar Refining Co. SOLD BY GROCERS—2<sup>lb</sup> and 5<sup>lb</sup> Boxes!

Who led his mate a wretched life  
And cursed and swore like Burns's  
tinker.

So grateful Felizardo led  
An expedition punitory  
That whipped off Captain Bush's head  
And saved us from a Problem Story—

Enabling Hayle to win his bride  
Without a court's divorcive fiat.  
Thus Bolo law is justified

By Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt,  
Arthur Guiterman.



### In the Spring

In the spring the housemaid's fancy  
Lightly turns from pot and pan  
To the greater necromancy  
Of a young unmarried man.  
You can hold her through the winter,  
And she'll work around and sing,  
But it's just as good as certain  
She will marry in the spring.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### He Had Read Romeo

She was very literary, and he was not.  
He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books, of which he knew less.

Presently the maiden asked archly:  
"Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet?'"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:

"I've—I've read Romeo!"

—Philadelphia Times.



HOW HE CELEBRATED THE FOURTH

### A Wideawake Constable

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Silas as he stopped the car.

"Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be amiable.

"When did ye leave Quinceville?" demanded Silas, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this mornin', eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Wa-al, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from overspeedin' to obstructin' the highway."

—Harper's Weekly.

### Then He Got His

SHE: I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living.

HE (absent-mindedly): Yes, my lamb.

—Sketch.

"ANYBODY can find fault," said the Eastern statesman.

"Yes," replied the man from the West, "but it takes a wise and lucky political prospector to find it in paying quantities."—Washington Star.

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fashionable footwear, for men and women, gives more style, more comfort—for a longer length of time, than any kind they have ever worn.

The Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes, which we represent, are of custom quality in every detail. They are sewed over custom lasts, in a Shop where every Shoe is individually cut, assembled and sewed by HAND.

Among the Summer models we are showing are many new and distinctly modish styles, in oxfords and pumps. For Sporting wear, our fashionable Golf, Tennis and Yachting Shoes—made of finest selected White Buckskin, with cork-and-rubber soles—are unusually light in weight, and being absolutely non-slipping, give delightful ease and resiliency in walking.

Upon request, we will send Style Brochure, showing our latest models for Street, Dress and Sport, with particulars describing our Shoe-Service-by-Post. All fittings are carefully recorded, so that future orders are correctly filled. Custom department in connection

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Two leading members of the vestry of a leading New York parish sat in the study of a young Western preacher, who had come to have a reputation for his preaching which had extended beyond the limits of his own locality.

"You wish me," he said, "to come on to New York and accept the charge of your church there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do I have to make any parish calls?"

"Certainly not, sir. In New York no one has any time for that sort of thing."

"Do I have to preach from the Bible?"

"Oh, no—that has long since gone out."

"Will you make arrangements for me with a leading firm of publishers?"

"All that has been done already. You get an extra royalty."

"Will all newspaper clippings about me be supplied free?"

"Certainly. That is a detail that we always see to."

"Can I syndicate my sermons throughout the country?"

"To be sure. We expect it."

"Is my income on the commission basis or a straight salary?"

"Both. We guarantee you ten thou-

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Drive it anywhere—perfectly shaded—windows open and the breeze blowing through.

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And on summer nights—home from town—through leafy suburban driveways—paint your own picture—the Detroit Electric will realize it!

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Investigate our "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive—a straight path of power. Fewer parts—silent-running. No concealed chains. Pneumatic or Motz Cushion tires. Batteries—Edison, Ironclad, Detroit or Exide.

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sand a year and give you ten per cent. commission on all the collections you are able to get among magnates."

"Do I get any inside Wall Street information?"

"Oh, yes. Two of our leading members are Wall Street magnates and they will keep you informed."

"Will my picture be published in the Tribune?"

"At least once in every three months."

"I will accept on one condition."

The members of the vestry leaned forward

ward anxiously. Good men were scarce and they realized that they couldn't afford to let this one get away.

"And that?"

"That I be tried for heresy within a year."

And they both replied joyfully:

"Certainly, sir. And if this doesn't help you to sell at least fifty thousand copies of the book we hear you are writing, we miss our guess."

The contract was then signed amid mutual felicitations.

C. T.





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DAISY  
For Hot Days**

PONY GORDON DRY GIN—JUICE OF A LIME  
PONY RASPBERRY SYRUP—OR ½ LEMON

1 SLICE OF ORANGE — AERATED WATER  
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Order  
One—  
While  
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Life!

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### His Real Reason

Daniel entered the lions' den.  
"Not that I care for the circus myself," he explained, "it's just to take Johnny."—*Harper's Bazar*.

### Looking Forward

JONES: We've missed you very much; you haven't been to the club since your wife died.

BONES: Well, don't worry, I shall marry again.—*M. A. P.*

HE: Smith told me the other day he thought I was suffering from brain fag.

SHE: Oh, the flatterer!

—*Baltimore American*.

## RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, Washington, Ottawa

**85** Then up spake the shade of old Nero,  
"I'd like to breathe once more in zero.  
There are some good fellows here  
And they keep up good cheer.  
But we can't speak in 'Rad-Bridge' belo."  
**NEW "BASKET WEAVE" PLAYING CARDS**  
Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous  
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### Some Colloquialisms for Up-to-Date Romance

Rather than become your wife I would  
make the best of the husband I have!  
A rapturous outburst from the pianola  
held him spielbound.

He recalled having met her on her first  
twenty-third birthday.

His parents were rich but respectable.  
As she weighed his words the scales  
fell from her eyes.

A steely look came into the eyes of the  
young ironmaster.

She patted him on his hobbies  
Her arch smile bridged the way to an  
understanding.

She looked hatpins at him.  
Her tears fell harmlessly on his  
cravenette.

And they lived happily even afterward.  
They kissed hygienically.

—*C. C. Johnston in Smart Set*.

### The Plumber Who Took the Plum

"You're wanted," said the small boy.  
"Who wants me?" demanded the  
plumber.

"No. 137—the house you've just come  
from."

"Do they think I can work all hours  
of the day?" retorted the plumber.

"You'd better come," persisted the  
small boy stoutly, "or it'll be too late.  
Ma's got hysterics, and pa's gone nearly  
mad, and—"

"Look here, sonny!" asked the plumb-  
er. "What's up?"

"Well, I think you've connected the  
wrong pipes, or something," replied the  
boy. "Anyhow, the chandelier in the  
parlor is spraying like a fountain and  
the bathroom tap's on fire!"—*Answers*.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best  
Tonic and Appetizer. No home without it.  
Oet. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

### Eminently Respectable

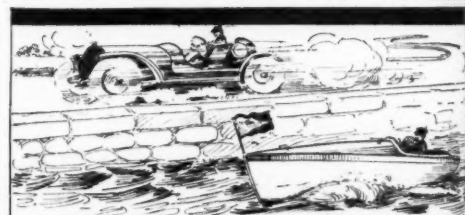
"Is he respectable?"

"Eminently so. He's never been in-  
dicted for anything less than stealing a  
railroad."—*Wasp*.

"WHAT a strangely interesting face  
your friend the poet has," gurgled the  
maiden of forty. "It seems to possess  
all the elements of happiness and sor-  
row, each struggling for supremacy."

"Yes, he looks to me like a man who  
was married and didn't know it," growled  
the Cynical Bachelor.

—*Philadelphia Record*.



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There's a size to suit your cultured taste. Five leaders—Cambridge, Morrisette (gold tip), Blues, Ambassadors, Banquet—25c to \$1.00. "The Little Brown Box"

## Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

### It Looked Favorable

THE young suffragette who had insisted on marrying the young man with whom she had fallen in love, approached the young man's mother in fear and trembling.

"Can you support my son," asked that lady sternly, "in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

"I cannot, madam. He will have to supply all the cash."

"Um. Are you able, in spite of your advanced views, to keep him badly in debt?"

"I am. That is my specialty."

"Do you know how to nurse him if he should fall ill?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. My childhood has been spent in attending caucuses."

"Ha! Will you guarantee to kiss him good by every morning?"

"If I happen to remember it—but I can't guarantee anything."

## Every Sportsman is a Lover

of good things—that's why the first requisite for a happy outing is a supply of

## Evans' Ale

Just the thing for Camping, Tramping, Picnicking, Sailing, Fishing, Golfing, Motoring, or Yachting.

OUTDOOR PLEASURE AND EVANS' ALE GO TOGETHER

All Dealers or Write to

C.H. EVANS & SONS, - Hudson, N. Y.



## No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

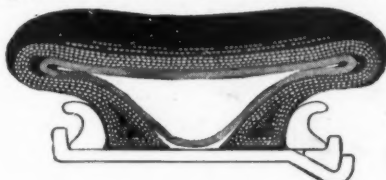
650,000 Sold to Date---2,200 Made Daily

A patented tire—a Goodyear creation—has lately become the leading tire of America. It has changed the whole tire situation.

In two years the demand has multiplied six times over. It is growing now faster than we can meet it, though our mammoth plant runs 24 hours per day.

This year's sales will reach \$12,000,000.

Motor car owners, with amazing unanimity, are adopting No-Rim-Cut tires. And the average result is to cut tire bills in two.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

The pictures on this page show the new and the old type—the No-Rim-Cut and the clincher—both fitted on the same standard rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed in changing from one to the other.

With No-Rim-Cut tires, these removable rim flanges are set to curve outward. Thus a rounded edge supports the tire when deflated. These tires have run flat for 20 miles without the least sign of rim-cutting.

With the old-style tire, these removable rim flanges are set to curve inward—to grasp hold of the hooks in the tire base. That's how the tire is held on. These thin-edged flanges digging into the casing often wreck a punctured tire in a moment.

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. We vulcanize into the tire base flat tapes made of 126 braided piano wires. These make the tire base unstretchable. Until the flange is removed, nothing can force it off. No hooks needed—no tire bolts.

## GOOD YEAR

### No-Rim-Cut Tires

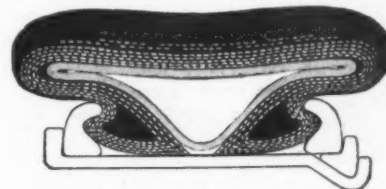
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, WAYNE STREET, AKRON, OHIO  
Branches and Agencies in 103 of the Principal Cities  
Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires  
Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario (333)

This braided wire, flat tape feature is controlled by our patents. And it forms the only way known to make a practical tire without hooks. Others have tried twisted wires—others a single wire. For this type of tire is the aim of all makers.

But this flat tape of piano wires, which can't break or loosen, makes the only safe tire of this class.



Ordinary Clincher Tire

The outward curve of the rim flanges gives an extra flare to the No-Rim-Cut tire. This enables us to make it 10 per cent. oversize without any misfit on the rim. And we do it—without any extra charge.

This means 10 per cent. more air—10 per cent. greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, etc. It avoids the blow-outs due to overloading. Nine tires in ten, if just rated size, are loaded beyond the elastic limit. And this overloading, on the average, adds 25 per cent. to tire bills.

These patented tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. Their two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, will cut tire bills in two.

Tires that can't rim-cut cost the same as tires that do. Oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires. That is why motorists, by the tens of thousands, are adopting the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Our Tire Book—based on 12 years of tire-making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

"What time do you expect to come in at night?"

"Oh, anywhere from twelve to three in the morning."

"Do you rehearse your speeches at home?"

"Yes, as a rule."

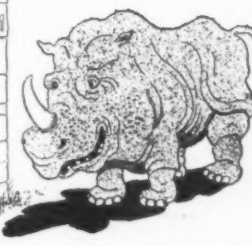
The mother's face relaxed.

"We must be cautious in these matters," she said sweetly. "But, on the whole, I think you will do."

### His Part

HE: So young March and his father are carrying on the business?

SHE: Yes. The old man runs the business while young March does the carrying on.—*New York Globe.*



Miss Hippo: I GUESS I'LL ORDER A BARREL

# · LIFE ·

## Ho, for Fresh Air!

*A Friend of Life Visits the Farm at Branchville—How the Children Look and Disport Themselves—"Don't Kiss Me," Says the Baby*

### A Week-End Visit to Life's Farm

EDITOR OF LIFE:

The train stopped at Branchville and Mr. Mohr met us.

The Farm really is a big place—fourteen acres in area—and perfectly suited for its present uses. Children, children everywhere—in swarms. Pretty children, bright children, noisy children, quiet ones, many little Americans in the making, are all having a happy time. Swimming, ball playing and other games, walks headed by the band, which though limited in numbers is great in execution, all serve to pass the time happily.

The children assemble in the yard and march in to their meals. A brief grace is sung, and then viands disappear. There is a great plenty of everything, and two hundred children can get away with a good deal in the way of provisions.

After supper they sang a few hymns and songs, gave a hearty cheer for LIFE, and then went out for one more game before bed.

Breakfast and play; dinner and play; supper and more play; and then marshalled in three little armies by the caretakers—the girls to the main building and the boys to the North and South Halls—they go where the rows of white beds in the dormitories invite to slumber, and the programme of our guests for one week day is over.

Mr. Mohr's Sunday afternoon gatherings are the pride of his heart. Any one, boy or girl, who can speak a piece or sing a song has opportunity—yea, is even urged—to air his talent. Some of the performances are really good and most of them are amusing, and the inhabitants for miles around drive over to see the show each Sunday.

Everybody goes to bed early and awakes early, with excellent appetite for breakfast. The rising horn is quite superfluous in most cases. For what could be better or more enjoyable than plenty of simple food, milk, bread, oatmeal, stews and other easily digested fare, with regular hours for eating them? And cake and ice cream are not unknown.

And they do eat! No one is shy about a second helping. It is said there was one boy who would eat a dozen or fifteen

slices of bread, and other things in proportion.

Sometimes a child is homesick, weeps profusely and fails to find any good in existence. One such wrote home that he had to eat mouldy bread. This was news to Mr. Mohr, as he had never been able to keep a piece of bread there long enough to get mouldy. Personally he believed bread a day old to be healthier and more digestible, but could not test his theory as the youngsters always ate up all the bread he could get the day it came.

The children look well and happy, and some are dressed nicely, but the clothing friends donate finds its way into immediate circulation.

All want to come again, year after year, and while twelve years is the limit, a good many twelfth birthdays are not scheduled to come before the autumn.

This work requires care, infinite patience and good management. Parties must be planned from one district for one fortnight, and from another district for the next. The children are all examined, as, of course, contagious diseases like mumps, measles, etc., as well as various other personal ills, must not be brought into contact with two hundred healthy visitors.

ONE WHO IS INTERESTED.

### "Don't Kiss Me"

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

"Don't kiss me. I don't like it, and you may have germs. Try some one who likes it. BABY."

The new order for the protection of babyhood was inaugurated here by the enrollment of the first company of the first regiment of a nation-wide army of babies to be decorated with a tag reading like the above. This protectorate of babies was established in connection with the American Tuberculosis Exhibition when held in this city.

Those inaugurating the plan do not object to kissing at all, but they insist that the "victim" shall be a willing one and that the youngsters shall be guarded until the time they say they like it and want it.

There is undoubted danger from unknown and unsuspected sources through the promiscuous osculation of babies which is all too frequent in some quar-



THE ICE-CREAM SODA BRIBE

ters. But unfortunately some mothers are sometimes so fearful of the feelings of foolish "grown-ups" that they will take the chances of disease reaching the little child rather than offending the older person who ought to know better. The new tag affords protection against such thoughtlessness. The idea has been adopted in many parts of the country. In one day letters reached the committee at Columbus from three different Northern and Eastern States where mothers had adopted the idea.

E. G. ROUTZAHN.

COLUMBUS, MISS.

### Chairs for the Zoo

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

The Zoo at Bronx Park is one of the most interesting places east of the Rocky Mountains. But there are lots of us who find the distances so great that it is too much of a strain on our constitutions to stand up and look and walk about so long. Why cannot Professor Hornaday provide chairs, as they do at Atlantic City? I believe this would increase the revenue and add to the comfort of many.

C. T.

NEW YORK, June, 1911.

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## Cranks and Climate

UNDER the title, "An Englishman in America," a writer in the *New Age* has been writing about things American. His point of view is not always accurate, but he says some interesting things. Among others, in a recent screed on New Thought in America, he condemns many of our "isms," attributing them to "superficial thinking"; he says:

There are more "cranks" in America than there are in the whole of Europe combined. This is not my opinion; it is a simple fact of arithmetic known to all visitors to America who have given this interesting question any serious consideration. America is the home of the cynic and the sentimentalist, the materialist and the metaphysician, the philosopher and the fanatic. Extremes meet here in society as in the climate. I am convinced that the climate has much to do with all these outbreaks of strange and impossible "isms." The atmosphere being highly electric, imaginative brains become overcharged with thought and an outlet is needed. Mere impressions and whims are mistaken for truth, and the victim begins to write or to preach, to form some small groups and then societies.

CHARLIE SHUKERS, the new member of the State Board of Control, addressed the students at the deaf and dumb school at Olathe the other day. The interpreter didn't treat Shukers as he did Henry J. Allen, a former member of the board, when he made a speech. Henry rambled along in his usual entertaining fashion and frequently received applause.

"Well, I seemed to please the students, all right," said he to the interpreter afterward.

"Yes, they enjoyed it very much," replied the interpreter.

"But I wish you would explain why they frequently applauded at inopportune times," said Henry.

"That's easy," replied the interpreter. "You made one speech and I delivered them another."—*Kansas City Journal*.

## When You Say Peter's Chocolates

you know that you will get the chocolate which is combined with milk by the very finest process—that of Mr. D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, who was the original milk chocolate maker.



Peter's comes in several varieties.

*Peter's Milk Chocolate.*

*Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes.*

*Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate.*

*Peter's Milk Chocolate with Roasted Hazelnuts.*

*Peter's Bon-Bons.*

# The Starr Piano

PRE-EMINENTLY THE PIANO OF AMERICA



**JUST** as beautiful in its proportions as it is superb in its musical qualities, this compact little Minum Grand model challenges the admiration of the observer just as it charms the ear of the trained musician.

Price, \$700 (Freight and Handling Additional)

Handsome Art Catalog on Request

## THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

FACTORY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES

RICHMOND, INDIANA



ALABAMA—BIRMINGHAM, 1921 Third Avenue  
MONTGOMERY, 108-112 Dexter Avenue  
CALIFORNIA—LOS ANGELES, 638-632 S. Hill Street  
FLORIDA—PENSACOLA, 8 S. Palafox Street  
GAINESVILLE, 307 E. Main Street  
INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 124 Main Street  
INDIANAPOLIS, 138 and 140 N. Pennsylvania Street  
MUNCIE, Delaware Hotel Bldg.  
RICHMOND, 933-935 Main Street  
MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway

OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Streets  
CINCINNATI, 139 W. 4th Street  
CLEVELAND, 1220-1224 Huron Road  
DAYTON, 4th and Ludlow Streets  
HAMILTON, 10 S. Third Street  
SPRINGFIELD, 51 High Street  
TOLLEDO, 329 Superior Street  
TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 222 Market Street  
NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Avenue, North

SELLING AGENTS IN ALL CITIES

### A Kansas Society Note

The guests at Mrs. Arthur Mize's tea yesterday afternoon detected an odor of something burning. They looked at each other knowingly and said: "Poor Mrs. Mize, something is burning up in the kitchen." But the odor grew stronger and at last one woman said: "It smells as though feathers are burning." Then suddenly one woman screamed: "Mrs. Challiss, look at your hat!" Sure enough, Mrs. Jim Challiss had been

standing near a lighted candle and the aigrette on her hat was on fire.

The guests had a great time putting out the fire. The aigrette was what the insurance men call a total loss. An Atchison woman who has gone to thousands of receptions says the burning of the aigrette yesterday is the first time she ever knew anything to really happen at a reception. She had given up going because nothing ever happened, but now will start in over again.—*Atchison Globe*.

## PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You



Look for the Name  
**PARIS**  
on every Garter

A. STEIN & CO.  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The Choice of  
the Tennis Court



### Behind Bars

In several of the New York Central stations situated in villages, there are women acting as ticket agents. As everyone knows, the windows of the offices are crossed by bars, as a protection against burglars or the sudden attack of thieves.

At one such station the other day, the ticket agent having her window open, listened to a small boy talking to a freight conductor. Evidently the boy was not familiar with railway stations and he had caught sight of the woman behind the bars. His little heart was moved by pity and he asked:

"Can't she get out?" The conductor probably humored his thought, for his next question was:

"What did she do that made them put her in there?"

"Can't you get out?" he asked again.

"It doesn't look as if I could, does it?" she said.



### It's the Oxygen

In Calox (Peroxide of Hydrogen) that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the mouth and whitener of the teeth.

Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents.

Sample and Booklet Free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush. 35c

## DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM

For Nervous and mild Mental diseases. Has separate cottages for Alcohol and Drug patients. Address DR. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

"We could cut a door and take you out," he said manfully. Then another idea came. "Don't they give you anything to eat?"

"Here is a pear," she said, taking one up from the window sill, "but you may have it."

"No, no," he protested; "you must eat that, for you haven't anything else, but I will bring you something to eat."

Some day this boy will know more, but it is to be hoped he will always keep his chivalrous heart.

H. A. W.

### The Reason

"How effusively sweet that Mrs. Blondy is to you, Jonesey," said Witherell. "What's up? Any tender little romance there?"

"No, indeed—why, that woman hates me," said Jonesey.

"She doesn't show it," said Witherell.

"No; but she knows I know how old she is—we were both born on the same day," said Jonesey, "and she's afraid I'll tell somebody."—*Harper's Weekly.*

## ADVERTISING MEN:

# "On to Boston"



This year the Mecca for everybody interested in advertising will be Boston, the first four days of August.

Object—*The Seventh Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.*

If you are at the top of a business, you—or at least one representing you—ought to be there—to learn what the foremost men in the advertising world are thinking, saying, doing for bigger and better things in advertising.

The big men in advertising—the important men in business and national endeavor—governors of many states—mayors of many more cities—will be there, to talk to you and to listen to you.

You will meet personally the worth-while people in your profession. It's an opportunity you mustn't miss.

If you are interested in advertising endeavor, in agency—newspaper—magazine—trade paper—catalog—bill-board—street-car or novelty work—be in Boston the first four days in August. Be "among those present" at the *departmental meetings* where more than one topic discussed will *hit home*.

Each general session dealing broadly with a big, broad subject, will "advertise advertising" to you as you have never heard it advertised before.

For your entertainment there will be special luncheons, a "shore dinner," an ocean excursion, a golf tournament, and an automobile trip along the picturesque North Shore to Beverly, where *President Taft* will greet you.

If you want to know about special trains, special rates, and all other things special to this big event, write to

## Pilgrim Publicity Association

24 Milk Street, Boston

**BRIGHTEN UP** Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

**75,000,000**  
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O.K. Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

**HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER**

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 113

### A Ditty of Surgery

We feel a pain; the man of science advances  
And from his case takes out the tools he fancies.  
And cuts us up—while we take all the chances.

Then we get well (or don't!) all at our leisure,  
While Doctor Probe has taken down our measure  
And makes us pay his price, at his own pleasure.

His bill may be a simple little hundred  
Or thousands (if we're able to be plundered).

We pay it! (Or our heirs, if he has blundered.)

We pay it with some inward perturbation,  
But Doctor Probe receives it with elation;  
Its added thus much to his reputation.

For every time his price is boosted higher  
It adds unto his vogue like fuel to fire—

**WEST COAST MAGAZINE**

Representative Monthly of California and the Great Southwest.  
120 to 130 pages every issue.  
Good Stories, Interesting Pictures, Graphic Articles, Reliable Facts and figures concerning matters of interest to Homeseekers, Land Buyers, Investors, and Tourists.

**THREE MONTHS TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION 25 CENTS**

THE West Coast Magazine is the largest standard magazine in the Southwest and the only One-Dollar-a-Year monthly on the Pacific Coast. It is the acknowledged authority on Western topics. Keeps you posted on Western opportunities.

10 Cts. the copy  
\$1.00 the year

West Coast Magazine, Dept. 2 Los Angeles, Cal.



## This Kingly Bird Within the Letter <sup>66</sup>A<sup>99</sup>

is the time honored trade mark of Anheuser-Busch. It's the emblem of **Quality** and **Purity**.

# Budweiser

**"The Old Reliable"**

It stands **alone** at the top of the world's bottled beers, because we use only the cream of each year's crop of Barley and selected Saazer Hops. It is thoroughly aged in the largest storage cellars in the world. Its mildness and low percentage of alcohol makes it friends **EVERYWHERE**.

Bottled only (with corks or crown caps) at the  
**Anheuser-Busch Brewery**  
St. Louis, Mo.

Thus every victim helps him to aspire.  
Aspire to what? To systematic plunder—

A sanguinary graft exciting wonder,  
In which the patient pays for every blunder.

The surgeon's eye must be quite clear—  
admitted!  
He must know how to cut and be quick-witted,  
So must a tailor when his clothes are fitted.

And yet the tailor's not so much in  
clover.  
When clothes don't fit, he has to make 'em over.  
But surgeons' blunders only gravestones cover.

*Envoi*

They run no risk; the dead are not returning  
To point them out to others less discerning.  
Meanwhile, we pay to see the scalpel turning!





"Coming events cast  
their shadows before"  
Good Health, Digestion  
and Pleasure in store

**White Rock**

"The World's Best Table Water"

In NEW Sterilized Bottles only

#### Couldn't Stop

A few months ago a Methodist preacher delivered a discourse on "Jonah" at La Center, Ky., in which he is reported to have said: "When Jonah left that fish he hit the ground a-runnin', and started full tilt for Nineveh. One of the sisters looked out of her window, and saw a cloud of dust down the road, and after looking intently, said to her husband: 'I believe in my soul, yonder comes Brother Jonah.' She went to the door and hollered, 'Good mornin'."

## A Ripe Old Age



matured and  
mellow  
with a true,  
natural flavor  
of its own that  
comes only  
from natural  
aging in the wood  
**GOOD OLD  
OVERHOLT**

A pure rye whiskey of a pronounced  
goodness making it well worth  
the effort of pronouncing the  
name—when you order whiskey

Distilled and Bottled in bond by  
A. Overholt & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Good mornin'," answered Jonah,  
without turning his head.

"Where you goin' so fast, Brother  
Jonah?"

"Goin' to Nineveh," he replied.

"Well, stop and take dinner with  
us."

"Ain't got time. Three days late  
now."

"Oh, come in and get your dinner,  
Brother Jonah. We've got fish for din-  
ner."

"Don't talk to me about fish," said  
Brother Jonah.

"Well, come in and have a drink of  
water."

"Don't talk to me about water"—and  
on he went a-clipping toward Nineveh."

—The United Presbyterian.

MARKS: Yes, I'm working night and  
day to put the scheme through.

PARKS: You're foolish. Do nothing  
about it and it will fall through.

—Boston Transcript.

## MARK TWAIN'S WORKS at $\frac{1}{2}$ 25 VOLUMES

the  
Former Price

The humor, the philosophy, the humanity,  
the gentle kindness of Mark Twain counter-  
act the strain of our intense American life.

### Every American Needs His Mark Twain.

Because—

His great books afford the relaxation which is absolutely  
necessary for every busy man and woman.

Because—

They make one realize the joy of living.

Because—

They keep a keen edge on one's faculties.

Because—

These 25 volumes include the best travel books pub-  
lished, with most entertaining descriptions of places of  
interest all over the world.

Because—

They are wonderful character builders; they stand for  
straightforwardness, honesty and sincerity.

Because—

They enable one to make Mark Twain's intimate knowl-  
edge of human nature and knowledge of life part of  
one's mental equipment—for all time.

Because—

They afford the best way—short of years of experience  
—to learn these things which are real. One may benefit  
by the author's rich experience—use his powers of obser-  
vation—learn human nature through his pages.

Because—

The reading of his books will give one more genuine  
pleasure, and more real, intellectual enjoyment than  
anything else money can buy.

Because—

The new Author's National Edition of his works makes it  
possible for you now to secure

## All Mark Twain's Works

At  $\frac{1}{2}$  the Former  
Price

Send for  
this book

and full particulars  
about Mark Twain's  
Works

It will cost  
you nothing

You are invited  
to use this coupon

### Little Stories About MARK TWAIN



What the Louisville "Times"  
says of this book:

"Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of  
New York, have issued a deligh-  
tful little booklet in exploitation of  
the Author's National Edition of  
Mark Twain, entitled, 'Little Stories  
About Mark Twain,' ornamented  
with an unusually fine photographic  
illustration of the beloved American  
humorist. Thirty-odd pages are  
devoted to remarks of the famous  
man which commemorate his eternal  
youth. The publishers are offering  
at half price these writings and on  
the instalment plan."

Harper  
& Brothers  
Franklin Sq.  
New York City

Please send without  
cost to me "LITTLE STORIES  
ABOUT MARK TWAIN" and  
particulars about the AUTHOR'S  
NATIONAL EDITION OF MARK  
TWAIN'S WORKS. L. I. 7-6.

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Address.....

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## ENGLISH TOURS By AUTOMOBILE

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.

**MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,**  
43 Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.  
Cables—"Travelling."

**CLEVER NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS WANTED**  
10 to 35 words, current events, society fads, etc., from intelligent  
Eastern writer, undertone of unforced whimsical humor. Submit  
samples, references, state experience, price expected.  
Address WALTER, care LIFE, New York.

### Man

He's only a purse to pay her bills—  
Pay for her hats and frocks and frills;  
An escort to take her to and fro  
Wherever she thinks she wants to go.  
To call for her when the bridge game's  
done;  
To sympathize with her grief or fun.  
A something to tell her troubles to;  
To chirk her up when she thinks she's  
blue.  
To take, but never to give her advice.  
To tell her her horrors of hats look  
nice.  
To post her letters and wind the clock;  
And hook up the back of her modish  
frock.  
To strap her suit case and find her  
gloves;  
And listen to tales of her old-time loves.  
In fact to do all she may say or ask;  
And he's such a fool that he loves the  
task!

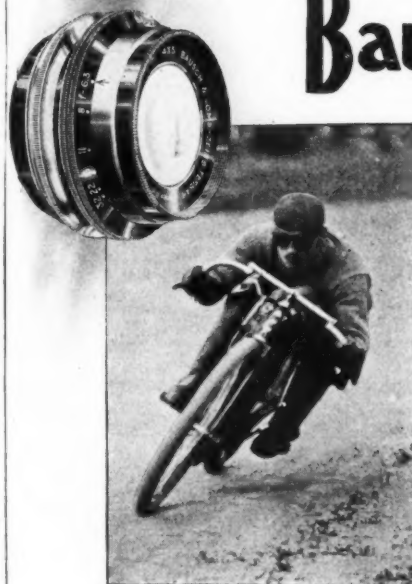
Carolyn Wells.

"TALK about Napoleon! That fellow  
Wombat is something of a strategist  
himself."

"As to how?"

"Got his salary raised six months ago,  
and his wife hasn't found it out yet."

—Washington Herald.



Our name, backed by over half a century of experience, is on all our products—lenses,  
microscopes, field glasses, projection apparatus, engineering and other scientific instru-  
ments.

**Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.**

NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
LONDON ROCHESTER. N.Y. FRANKFURT

# 50 TONS A DAY

Every sheet of this enormous daily output of  
the Whiting Mills is a *writing* paper of fine  
grade. Every sheet of it undergoes the slow  
"loft drying," process—a process more costly  
than "machine drying," but indispensable to  
a good paper. The demand for these papers is  
the greatest of its kind in the world. There  
is a specific Whiting writing paper for every  
social and business requirement.

# WHITING PAPERS

*When you think of writing  
Think of Whiting*

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MURPHY was a new recruit in the cavalry. He could not ride at all, and by ill luck was given one of the most vicious horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than he was thrown to the ground.

"Murphy!" yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose?"

"No, sir; from hintquarters."

—Everybody's.

## Books Received

*In the Time of the Pharaohs*, by Alexander Moret. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.)

*The Republican Tradition in Europe*, by Herbert A. L. Fisher. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.)

*The Aeroplane (Past, Present and Future)*, by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa. \$3.50 net.)

*Country Town Sayings*, by E. W. Howe. (Crane & Company, Topeka, Kansas.)

*Selections from the Old Testament*, by Henry Nelson Snyder. (Ginn & Co. 30 cents.)

*Queed*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.35 net.)

*The Practical Country Gentleman*, by Edward K. Parkinson. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. \$1.25 net.)

*John La Farge*, by Royal Cortissoz. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$4.00.)

*The Infinite Capacity*, by Cosmo Hamilton. (Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.20 net.)

*Trevor Lordship*, by Mrs. Hubert Barclay. (The MacMillan Company. \$1.20 net.)

*The Cosmos*, by P. A. Zaring. (Poet Lore Company, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. \$1.25 net.)

*What Is this Universe?* by S. Ph. Marcus, M. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.)

*The Justice of the King*, by Hamilton Drummond. (MacMillan Company. \$1.20 net.)

*Klaus Hinrich Baas*, by Gustav Frensen. (MacMillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Mattabesett*, by S. Ward Loper. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.50 net.)

*The Making of a Fortune*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00 net.)

*Bawbee Jock*, by Amy McLaren. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

*The Broad Highway*, by Jeffery Farnol. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.35.)

*Open Air Schools*, by L. P. Ayres. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.20.)

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By

J. A. Mitchell

Author of

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"Why shouldn't I marry him?"

"He's poor. You may get a better chance some day."

"Well, I can cross that bridge when I come to it, can't I?"—*Chicago Journal.*

"He must be rich. He owns an automobile." "That proves nothing. You ought to hear him squeal every time the price of gasoline goes up another cent."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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## Opinions

A MAN'S opinion consists in his choosing one particular alternative among a number of alternatives. If a number of others have chosen the same alternative that he has, then he belongs to a party. But if he is the only one who has chosen that particular alternative, then he is a crank.

Ordinarily we hold opinions as we do a balance in the bank. We are constantly depositing new ones and withdrawing the old to meet the demands made upon us.

We do not create them any more than anyone creates a legal tender, but we earn the right to use them. A great many are counterfeit but pass as genuine.

We begin without opinions and end without them. In between we select those which are handed out to us. In the beginning we take the first ones offered, but after getting bad ones we learn caution and finally come to take only those that have the right trademark. One or two men in every generation make their own opinions. They are the ones who have monuments later on.

An opinion is almost always a compromise. It is what we are forced to take in lieu of something better. For example:

Our opinion is in general that war is bad. But when our own country goes to war, then our opinion is that all other wars are bad but the one in which we are engaged. And so on.

Women use opinions as they do clothes—to produce the most stylish effect. Men hold opinions that are useful to them; near-sighted men those which are immediately useful and far-sighted men those which have a permanent use.

Opinions are of two kinds: primary and secondary. A man's primary opinions are what he obtains from direct experience; his secondary opinions what he gets from reading (books, newspapers, etc.) and from others. For example, secondary opinions on governments may be obtained at any country grocery store; primary opinions on government at the Capitol.

A well-read man is a man full of secondary opinions; a well-traveled man is a man full of primary opinions.

Even primary opinions, however, are at best uncertain. For example: no three fishermen ever agree about the kind of a fly to use under the same conditions.

As a rule, spontaneous opinions are always best, because under a sudden stimulus the mind always draws upon its direct experience first, before the mass of secondary opinions have time to crowd in and by their clamor persuade the mind to select one of them in preference.

BRYAN threatens to fall out with Champ Clark. That will leave him with no other candidate but himself to support.—*Youngstown Telegram.*



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### Carbon Proof:

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**Polarine Oil**, sold in sealed cans, gallon and five gallon sizes; or in half barrels and barrels.

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**Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease**, the latter of high melting point, especially adapted to use on universal joints. Sold in round cans.

All dealers sell Polarine Lubricants or can get them for you.

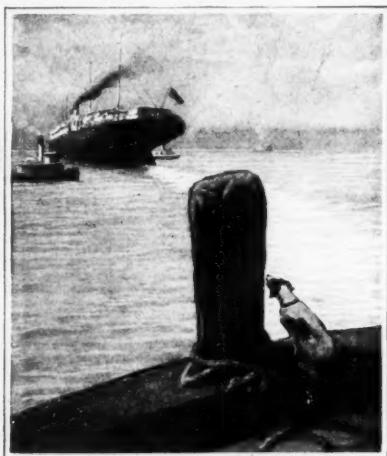
If you own a motor car or motor boat send for our booklet, "Polarine Pointers." It includes hints on lubrication and the causes of motor troubles. Write our nearest agency.

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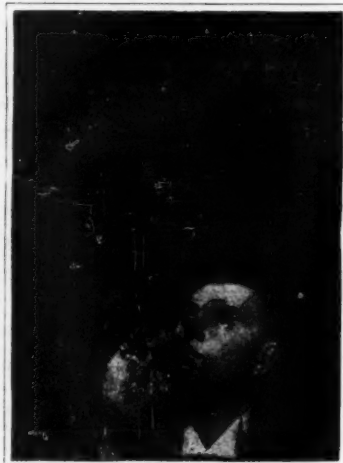


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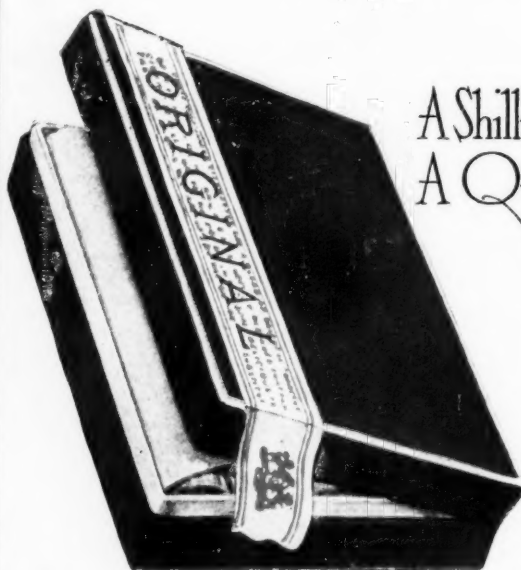


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